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These Amazing Laymen

Visit With Albert Schweitzer

Texas Town Gets a Pastor

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families *July 1957*

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The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

JULY 15, 1957 — Vol. 1, No. 10

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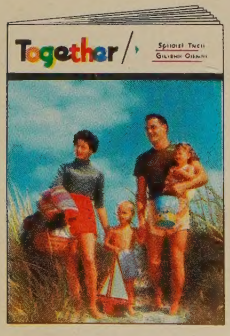

Little Judy's sand castles will wash away and someday Junior's red boat will sail into the unknown . . . On the beach, among the mountains, at home in back yards under July skies — Christian families forge the ties that bind forever. (Color photograph by Paulus Leeser.)

LET US PRAY

With these words, all heads are bowed. A moment of silence comes to the congregation as heavenly radiance streams through stained-glass windows and the hearts of men join, seeking God. . . . The photograph of Laird V. Glasscock, pastor of the Prosser (Wash.) Methodist Church, is by Kathleen Cochran. As a winner in our *America the Beautiful* contest, it is being featured this month because of its reverence, beauty, and depth of feeling.

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Here 221 years ago the Wesley brothers set foot on American soil.

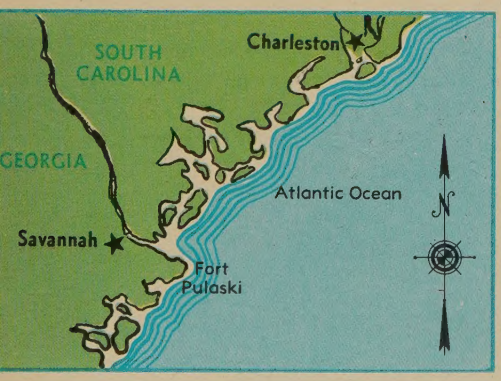
A historic event in Methodism is memorialized on an islet off Georgia. Plan to go there on your trip south.

Where the Wesleys Visited America

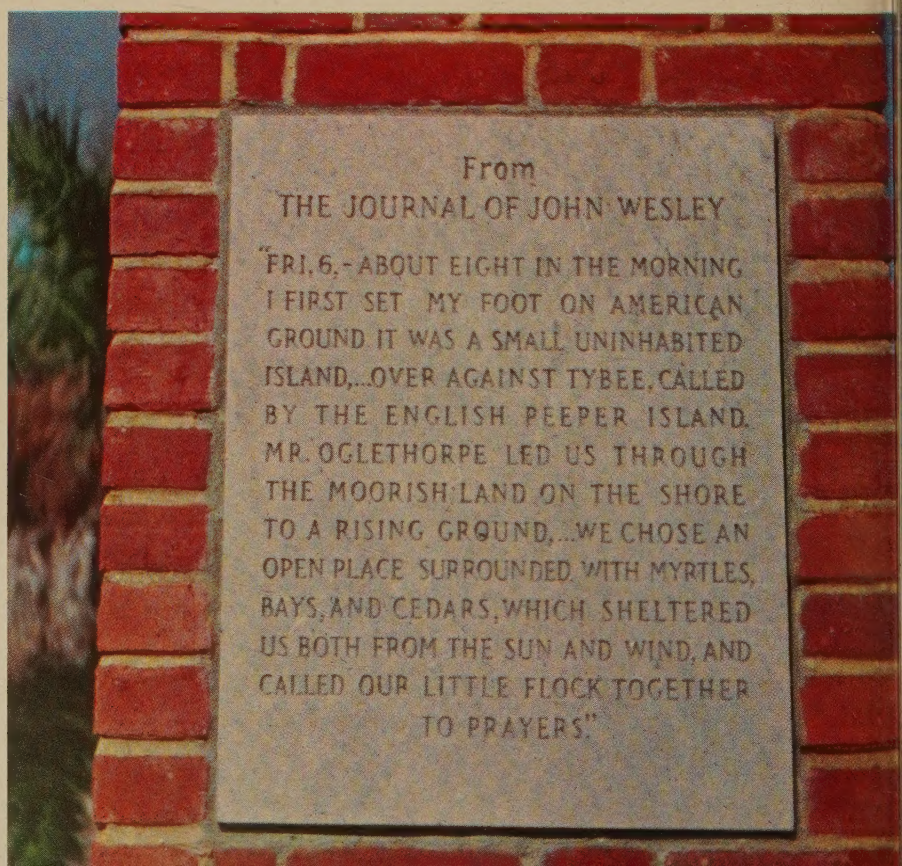
"We all kneeled down to give thanks." So wrote John Wesley in his journal Feb. 6, 1736. He was recording a memorable occasion in Methodism's history—his safe arrival, with his brother Charles, on Cockspur Island off Savannah, Ga., after a harrowing missionary journey from England.

Bluntly, Wesley described the spot as "a small, uninhabited island, over against Tybee." Yet today the site, a national monument since 1924, is a favorite attraction for tourists. Near historic Fort Pulaski the Colonial Dames of America have erected a memorial (left) at the approximate spot where Wesley and his party knelt in thanksgiving on their first arrival on American soil.

The present fort is the third built on the island; the first was erected to protect Georgia before the Revolution. During the Civil War the island was under fire; today it lies peacefully in the sun, easily accessible from the nearby mainland and its network of fine roads.



Easily reached from the mainland, Cockspur Island, with historic Fort Pulaski, is handy also to Savannah.


From
THE JOURNAL OF JOHN WESLEY
"FRI. 6. - ABOUT EIGHT IN THE MORNING I FIRST SET MY FOOT ON AMERICAN GROUND IT WAS A SMALL UNINHABITED ISLAND,...OVER AGAINST TYBEE, CALLED BY THE ENGLISH PEEPER ISLAND. MR. OGLETHORPE LED US THROUGH THE MOORISH LAND ON THE SHORE TO A RISING GROUND,...WE CHOSE AN OPEN PLACE SURROUNDED WITH MYRTLES, BAYS, AND CEDARS, WHICH SHELTERED US BOTH FROM THE SUN AND WIND, AND CALLED OUR LITTLE FLOCK TOGETHER TO PRAYERS."

With prayerful gratitude, John Wesley set down in his journals the report of his landing.

Letters

:s, Mr. Hatcher . . .

Mason Lingler, *Pastor*
Marienville Methodist Church
Marienville, Pa.

I read with agreement the letter itten by William S. Hatcher, in ich he said Together is superficial d wholly irrelevant to anything ap- aching the real meaning of the ristian faith.

I protest particularly the publication a list of Hollywood movies in this gazine. Surely this must grieve the ly Ghost. . . .

), Mr. Hatcher

Mrs. M. B. Doughton
Salem, Ore.

I can't resist replying to the un- rranted attack on your fine magazine William S. Hatcher of Nashville, nn. He says [April, page 3], "It is t togetherness we need, but fellow- p."

What is fellowship, if not "together- ss"? I think he contradicts himself, d am wondering just what kind of eacher he is going to make.

I agree with him that we are a fra- nity of "just plain folks," but de- edly not passive. And, incidentally, hat's the matter with "just plain ks?"

dex Will Be Published

Mrs. John B. Herrington, Jr.
Waxahachie, Tex.

The WSCS and the Wesleyan Service uild of the Ferris Heights Methodist urch are sponsoring the organiza- n of a church library and we want place your magazine on our shelves. e feel Together would be of greater nefit to our members if you would blish an alphabetical index periodi- lly.

uayle Was a Manxman

Mrs. Leota C. Clark
Long Beach, Calif.

I was glad to see Bishop Quayle's cture in Together [April, page 5]. His father, an old Manxman, was my Sunday-school superintendent at Auburn, Kan., where the bishop spent his youth.

There was an idea at that time that the marriage of first cousins produced mentally deficient children so Mr. Quayle got a lot of amusement by introducing his brilliant son this way: "My wife and I were first cousins and this is our idiot, our son 'Wully.'"

Hands—A Work of Art

Mrs. Hulda R. Sprint
South Gate, Calif.

Thank you for your wonderful magazine, which I find becoming increasingly meaningful to me . . . Especially I feel like congratulating you on your April cover. Here you have captured a moment in a child's life and an expression which is priceless! As I look at it I see a beautifully blended combination of wonder, joy, tenderness, love, and solicitude. The little hands are a work of art! We read many articles of appreciation of childhood. This speaks more eloquently than 1,000 words.

I shall frame mine!

'God Overlooks No One'

Robert Murphy, *Student*
Twin Falls, Ida.

I disagree on Dr. Harry Spencer's rating of a minus for the movie, *The Incredible Shrinking Man* [May, page 62]. People condemn science-fiction because they believe all the plots center around melodramatic Martians. I agree that the plot of *The Incredible Shrinking Man* is fantasy; I disagree when Spencer says the ending is pseudoreligious and inappropriate.

Here is a man who has led a normal, happy life. Now he finds himself alone in a world of his own, gradually getting smaller and smaller. In the end he cries out for God to help him.

Is this so far from life? A man may fall into a world of his own when he loses a loved one. He finds his life empty . . . I have known of men in these moments of trial to become closer to God than they ever would have, by finding sanctuary in the church.

We can all learn from this movie. God overlooks no one, no matter how small he may be. . . .

Better Than Easter Sermon

Alice M. Ives
North Creek, N.Y.

Your April cover is one of the most delightful I have ever seen. I am a hardened teacher a few years away from retirement, yet the sight of that little boy caught in an ecstatic moment of pleasure brings me to cooings and tears. Congratulations to Vivienne Lapham for a masterpiece. All of babyhood, boyhood, and sound and loving living is in this picture. To top your satisfying magazine at Easter with a little American boy, being careful, yet simply carried away with delight, is better than any Easter sermon you could print. . . .

Thank you! We wish we could share the many other letters praising this cover. The youngster's winsome expression—and those freckles!—warmed the heart of many a reader!—Eds.

Dosses—A Living Sermon

A. R. Mead
Gainesville, Fla.

When I opened Together [April, page 24], that story of the Doss family hit me right between the eyes. What a sermon in living practice! May the good Lord move many others to preach as well as the Doss family! More power to the new magazine, not only for this story but for the great and good material it brings to all of us.

Footnote on Hong Kong

Merritt R. Metcalf, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
Fort Bragg, Calif.

I enjoyed the fine photography and article on *Hong Kong: Peephole in the Bamboo Curtain* by Frank J. Taylor [May, page 34]. As a witness to many of the events covered in that article, I'd like to pass along several items which may add to the enjoyment of other readers.

I saw the city during the construction of this enterprise, on a tour with a native missionary, Monte Liang [who

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now serves a bowery mission in New York] in the summer of 1955, so now I am especially pleased to see the completed view of this greatly needed housing. Liang was the liaison with the city government of Kowloon in making it posible for fire victims to come to Hong Kong. This negotiation was full of tedious hours of labor. The prayers of our church, financial assistance, and good wishes will always be with such men who, through the power of Christ, have become a motivating deterrent to the forces of Communist godlessness.

'Only One Correction'

EUGENE L. SMITH, *General Secretary*
Division of World Missions
New York City

The May issue of TOGETHER is superb. It has many features that deserve special comment and gratitude, among them the splendid article on Hong Kong.

Allow me to make only one correction, by way of justly deserved tribute to the British Methodists. The fine picture you published of the Cantonese Methodist Church is a picture of a church built by British Methodist funds, and under the direction of British missionaries. They have had a long history of creative work in Hong Kong. Their work has always been with the Cantonese-speaking people in Hong Kong. They have eagerly welcomed our service to the Mandarin-speaking Chinese in Hong Kong, many of whom are recent refugees. . . . We are deeply grateful for the very close and effective co-operation between these two branches in Hong Kong, symbolized by the way in which we have both participated in Wesley Village.

Chapel Brings Friends Together

MRS. CHARLES R. WALGREEN
Chicago, Ill.

I think you will be surprised when I tell you how far-reaching your magazine is. . . . I have had letters from New York, California, and southern Illinois, commenting on *Chapel in the Sky* [January, page 1]. One was from a schoolmate I hadn't seen or heard from for 60 years. . . .

Markham Appreciated . . .

MISS MARGARET E. LANSING
Sheridan, Wyo.

We have read the article, *How I Think of Immortality,* by Edwin Markham [April, page 21] and feel this is one of the most outstanding we have come across. We were hoping you could have it printed in pamphlet form. . . . We have so many friends who would appreciate receiving a copy, people who have lost dear ones or are invalids.

Markham . . . Too Platonic

JAMES W. LAWTON, *Pastor*
Zwolle, La.

Of the articles I have read on immortality I would class few as poor but the one by Edwin Markham is not poor . . . it is poverty-stricken! How under heaven could an article like this be called Christian? To the philosophic student of Plato this might be considered interesting. It is hardly worth reading by a Christian. Surely during the Easter season you could improve on this article.

Little Boy . . . Big Bass

DANIEL L. JONES, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
Copperhill, Tenn.

Here's a picture to match the one of the boy in *How to Take Your Youngsters Fishing* [May, page 63].

Byron and bass: A dock strike

Here is the brief story: Six-year-old Byron Lee's mother, Mrs. A. B. McCay, Jr., is a widow, so his Aunt Helen, Mrs. D. R. Wagner, took him fishing in Blue Ridge Lake. He threw in the line off the dock and as it hit the water a widemouthed bass took it. The boy brought it in just 10 feet from the dock and the catch thrilled the whole family —and the community.

Church Neglectful on War?

PETER B. RUCH
Hiawatha, Kan.

I was keenly interested, but somewhat disappointed, in Naomi N. Hitchcock's article, *Mother, Will I Have to Go to War?* [May, page 10]. Had the question been put to me I would have said, "No." You may suffer some persecution, be scorned by friends and neighbors because you choose to obey

ve to go to war. Selective Service ovides exemption from combat duty d training—and from all training— r some religious objectors. The fact at relatively few Methodist youths ve availed themselves of these exemp- ons indicates how neglectful the urch has been in teaching the sinful- ss of war and its negation of the achings of Jesus.

lue and Gray: Americans!

Mrs. Grace White Newby
Greencastle, Ind.

A small segment of people (or rather their descendants) may still have imosity for the former opposing rces in the War Between the States, t they are very much in the minor- . For that few I think Octavus Roy hen's story, *Richard Kirkland: merican* [May, page 30], can do more cement us into Americans, with love r our heritage, than anything else. It brings out the humanitarian side us that forgets opposition in cases here mercy and human kindness me to the fore, where there is suf- ring of fellow humans.

ivil War Interest Growing

Sigurd Anderson, *Commissioner*
Federal Trade Commission
Washington, D.C.

The story, *Richard Kirkland: Amer- an,* is an interesting and touching e. I firmly believe that the Civil War the greatest and most important riod in American history. . . . In- rest has grown to the point now here it may be called a positive period our literature—and I do not believe e full growth has yet been had.

randmother Likes Us, Too

Dawn Mabey
Trenton, N.J.

I enjoy your magazine very much. has something in it for everyone. eing a 15-year-old teen-ager, I find in very issue enjoyable articles. My 60- ear-old grandmother feels the same ay.

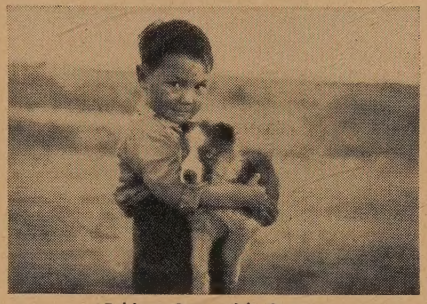
Dali's Picture . . . Haunting

Mrs. Lawrence Specht
East Lansing, Mich.

I was especially attracted to the Dali nterpretation of the Crucifixion, and ound myself returning again and gain to it. The picture is haunting, nd no more impossible than any other ortrayal of the event. According to the

Hospital, Philippine Islands

Sunday School, Honolulu



Eskimo Boy with Puppy

Church, Chuchaw, Korea

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latest research, criminals were hanged on a cross which was more 'T' shaped than cross shaped. This would cut out most of the paintings as to accuracy. Anyhow, it is the emotion felt by the viewer which is important to most artists and Dali's picture has certainly stirred me much more than earlier artists. Could one obtain a reproduction?

Yes, framable copies of Dali's Crucifixion *are available at Cokesbury (Methodist) and many other bookstores.*—EDS.

Here's Another Dali Defender

MRS. O. C. C. FOSTER
Newport, Wash.

I would like to answer the letter on Dali's painting of the Christ. May I say in this day of symbolism it impressed me as an inspired work.

Christ is hanging there suspended in our consciousness, calmly waiting. He is without support or connection, even to the cross, apart and yet a part of our lives. We stand interested, but without personal effort to take Christ and the cross into our well-ordered lives. Christ to most people is a detached, beautiful deity, and not the dear friend he offered to be.

Readers should also be glad the pictures of the creation were there for children to see their beauty . . . .

Most readers who have taken trouble to write about Salvador Dali's Crucifixion *in the January issue haven't liked it. But of late we've had a second run of letters strongly approving it—of which the above are typical.*—EDS.

'Prevalent . . . delight'

MRS. E. O. MACHAMER
Stockton, Ill.

Never in all my life have I been as thrilled with any magazine as I have with TOGETHER. Besides its beautiful pictures, it conveys inspirational messages, all well written, all suitable and equally well done for young and old. Also, news of mission work in various denominations—keeping us well informed. The prevalent expression is delight. . . .

Churchgoing . . . Self-Hypnosis?

DOUGLAS CROZIER
Berkeley, Ill.

The interesting discussion on *Is the Churchgoing Boom Real?* [May, page 24] answers a question that has long troubled me. I am glad to see that at least a portion of my skepticism is justified; that some church leaders are not quite sure that the "return to church" is a return to the real meaning of Christianity.

Sydney J. Harris, a Chicago columnist, put it more politely when he recently wrote in his *Strictly Personal*:

"In our so-called 'religious revival,' a great deal of what passes for 'faith in God' is really 'faith in faith'—that is, a reluctance to think about the nature of the universe, coupled with the wistful belief that any belief is 'good' as long as it makes you feel better. This is self-hypnosis, and not religion in the Judaic-Christian tradition."

Home-coming Day for Adoptees

MRS. C. VINCENT HALL
Kansas City, Kan.

Art Linkletter's column *The Darkest Day of My Life* [February, page 4] prompts me to share our experience.

We have two adopted children. They came to live with us when they were babies. The anniversary of the day they came we call Home-coming Day. They receive a gift and we do something as a family, just for them. We tell the story of making applications, waiting and the thrill when we received the letter telling of the baby. The children are as thrilled over their Home-coming Days as their birthdays.

'Unseen Co-Editor'

MRS. JAMES L. NORTH
Osage, Iowa

This is one of those days that is remembered with a chuckle but which was a pain in the neck as it happens.

My three-year-old fell into the dog's milk dish—with her cleanly put on clothes — and slopped milk into the ear of her two-year-old brother. It rained just enough to prevent the children's playing outside. One of them flooded the bathroom. They both wrote up pages and pages of my note paper. . . .

Just enough things happened that my cord string of humor was about to twang into a dozen pieces. I put the youngsters in bed for their naps and came downstairs to put things in their proper perspective.

The mail had come and I could see the lifesaving straw in the form of my May TOGETHER magazine sticking out of the box. I beelined out to get it and read avidly *(Continued on pg. 60)*

Together / NEWSLETTER

JBAN REVOLT SLOWS METHODIST WORK. Disorders stemming from rebel opposition to President Fulgencio Batista have forced cancellation of Sunday-evening services in Havana. Cubans are afraid to come out at night. A visit of eight U.S. Methodist young people (youth caravan) has been canceled because leaders considered the trip "too risky." And the summer program at Camp Manicaragua (Methodist) has been curtailed.

ENERAL CLEARS PRIVATE. Marine Pfc. Peter Green, a Methodist, has been cleared of willful disobedience of orders by his commanding general at Camp Pendleton, Calif. A military court convicted Green for refusing to take a rifle. His petition for conscientious-objector status still is pending. Illinois Methodists of Rock River Conference recently backed church leaders' defense of Green. (See story page 69.)

OUTH WILL STUDY ALCOHOLISM at a nation-wide Methodist-sponsored school at Adrian College (Adrian, Mich.), July 29-Aug. 4. About 150 key youth leaders will learn facts and techniques to train other Methodist Youth Fellowship members in their home churches.

TUDENTS SEEK CHURCH DESEGREGATION. Methodist college students from Mississippi, Alabama, South Carolina, and six other southeastern states are urging annual conferences to adopt the church's voluntary-integration plan (a constitutional amendment). Delegates to a regional session of the Methodist Student Movement adopted the appeal, 170-35. They termed racial distinction "unchristian" and said it should be abolished. (See story page 66.)

-BOMB AND 10,000 BABIES. By August, 10,000 photos of babies—potential H-bomb casualties—may swamp the desks of President Eisenhower, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, and Russia's Nikita S. Khrushchev. A campaign to collect the snapshots now is under way by members of Community Methodist Church, West Van Nuys, Calif. They want to show world leaders that cold statistics about atomic war also have faces, that future generations have a stake in any decision to continue—or ban—H-bomb tests.

NEW SEMINARY at Kansas City, Mo., will help solve Methodism's serious minister shortage. It will be located near the campus of National College (Methodist) and is scheduled to open in the fall of 1959. (Recently, the Southern Baptist Convention voted to establish its sixth seminary at Kansas City.) This will make 12 Methodist-affiliated schools of theology, including another new school to be associated with Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware.

Financial support for the Kansas City seminary may reach $100,000 soon. Thus far, four of seven conferences involved in the project have voted $62,500 for annual operating expenses: Missouri, $12,500; Southwest Missouri, $20,000; St. Louis, $15,000, and Kansas, $15,000.

(For more church news see page 66.)

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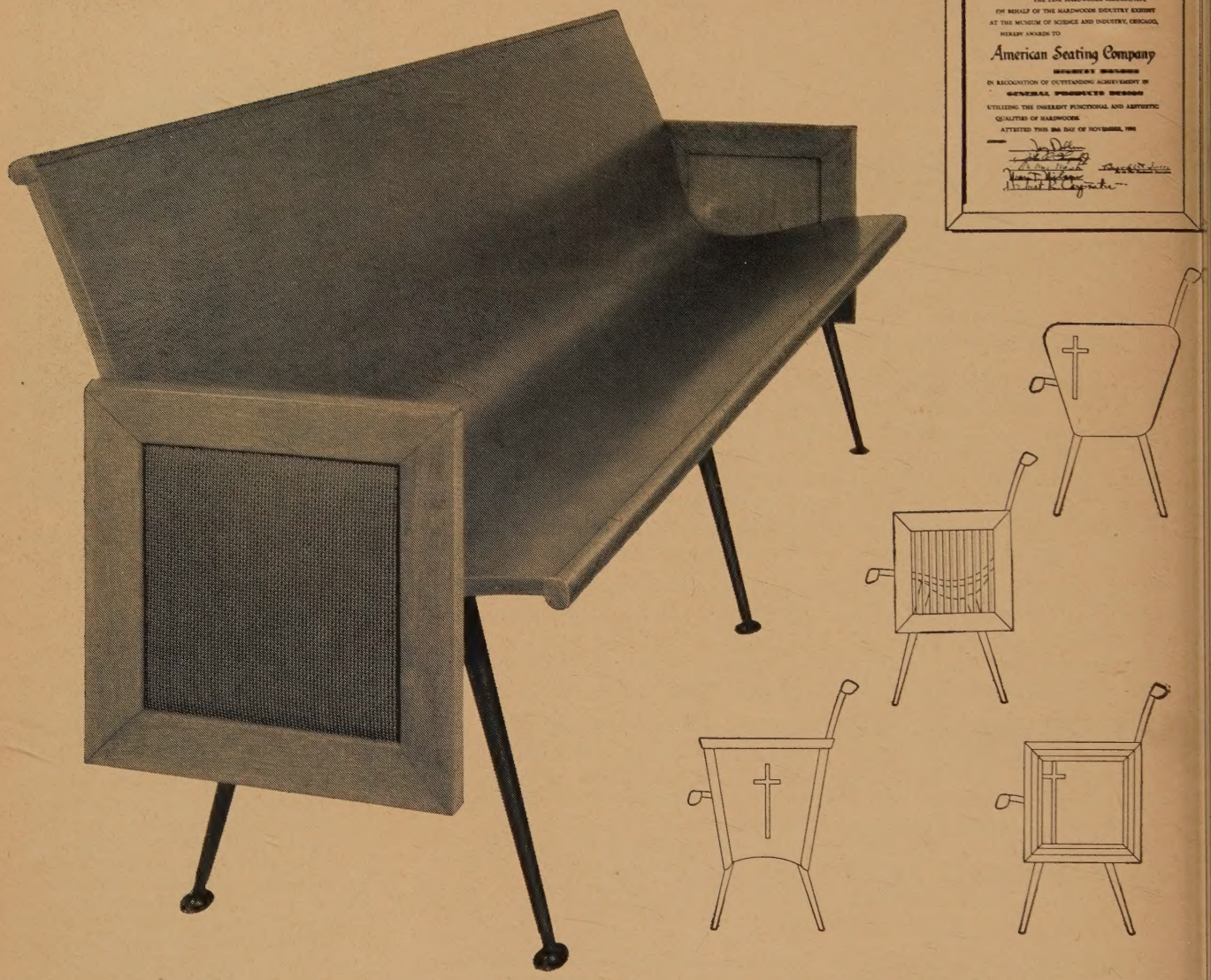

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Address of the President at American University, Washington, D.C.

The Church and The Peace

By Dwight D. Eisenhower

As American University president Hurst Anderson stands by, President Eisenhower breaks ground for the university's new School of International Service—first Protestant school for diplomatic-career training. AU, Methodism's only university fully supported by the church, awarded Mr. Eisenhower an honorary doctorate of laws. *For full story, turn to page 67.*

IT IS INDEED an honor to be present when a significant step is being taken in establishing this school for preparing young men and women for international service.

I have been informed that The Methodist Church is assisting markedly in this effort by donating a large sum of money for that purpose. It seems to me most significant that this great university should join her sister institution in the capital, Georgetown, to carry on this kind of work, because in the great foreign service of the United States we do not recognize race, color, or creed—only merit.

Eleven years ago I made my first appearance upon this campus, speaking to some disabled soldiers who were here being trained. It happened that that evening I talked about the need for leadership for peace. And so it seems to me, tonight, that American University and I at least agree on this: that the waging of peace demands the best we have, the best young men and women that we can find to put in this great effort which must go on around the world all the time.

And again, I think the support of the church means that we recognize that our policies and our effort must be based on the moral law. Just as our political organizations are really a political expression of a deeply felt religious faith, so must success, I believe, in international relationships around the world represent truth, integrity, and honesty—or they cannot long endure . . .

So I come out this evening to congratulate American University on this great step, to congratulate all those people who have had anything to do with making possible the erection of the building and the establishment of this new school of training, and to express my good wishes to all students who will enter that school to go into the service of our country in the noblest work that our nation can possibly pursue, and that is the seeking of a peace based on justice and the right.

Dynamic Methodists are putting religion to work where it counts—helping their church, their town, and each other.

These Amazing Laymen!

By PAUL FRIGGENS

I AM ONLY ONE, but I am one. *I can't do much, but I can do* something.

If I can do something, I should *do something.*

And if I should do something, then, by the grace of God, I will *do something!"*

This is the story of some laymen who are putting this message to work.

The California brothers whose vision started 29 churches . . . the Texan who boosted giving 60 per cent in five conferences . . . the team from the South that recruited 2,500 lay speakers . . . the Illinois dynamo who sparked 308 Methodist Men clubs . . . the Indiana businessman who helped solve a critical nurse shortage . . . the South Dakota farmers who fill 17 pulpits.

This is just a sampling of the things amazing laymen are doing today. Doubtless you could add extraordinary examples from your own church. All over the country, Methodist laymen are on the march, putting power and vitality into the church. It's a good thing!

As you read this, upwards of 5,000 Methodist men from every section of the United States are gathered at Purdue University, firing up new enthusiasm and service for the church.

A church official observed recently: "Preachers account for less than .3 of 1 per cent of God's people, laymen for 99 per cent. Let's look more to our laymen."

Jesus looked to his laymen . . . Paul the tentmaker, John the fisherman. In the same way, John Wesley's lay group, the Oxford Club, carried its mission into the jails and slums of England.

Today? Well, let's look at some of our 1957 laymen in action.

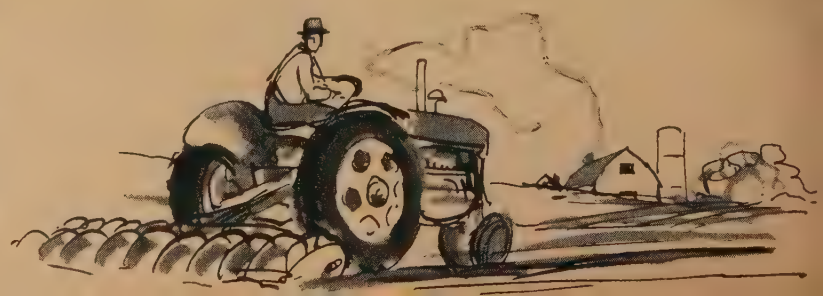
Out on the West Coast, thousands of new people can attend Methodist services because of the vision of two California brothers. Seven years ago George and Roy Steed set up—as a $5,000 memorial to their parents—a revolving loan fund to buy new church sites. The idea spread. Soon the Steeds, while adding to their original gift, were sparking memorial funds in other churches. Before long the $5,000 start blossomed into the Bishop's Prospectors Fund, extendi to the entire Southern Californ Arizona Conference.

California made it a colorful fun raising affair. Under the leadersh of George Steed, laymen poured o by the hundreds. They dressed early-day costumes and sometim paraded in Wells Fargo stagecoach When it was all over they h boosted the revolving fund from t initial $5,000 to $500,000!

And says layman Steed: "We just begun." The fund is a mod for churches everywhere. Governe by strict rules, it's available f church sites only. The money mu be paid back before building begin Thus the fund turns over fast meet new needs. The memorial fur now is at work in other conference too.

Now switch the scene to Nort Carolina, where amazing laymen a meeting pressing church buildi needs in another fashion.

Twelve hundred families of Ce tenary Church, Winston-Salem yearly raised a $150,000 budget. seemed adequate for local need "And then," says layman Gordo Hanes, "something happened to u *We realized we needed a challeng* bigger than our budget."



Amazing laymen: they build churches, fill empty pulpits, tithe from their acres, sponsor youth activities, minister to the infirm, and join to advance the Kingdom.

And Centenary found it. Laymen plunged into an Every-Member Canvass that the church will never forget. Teams went to obtain pledges, not so much for the needs of the church as the needs of the *members.* The goal: $1 per week for each $1,000 of income. When it was all over, Centenary had pledged an extra $150,000 over a three-year period to start new North Carolina churches. "At the same time," says Hanes, "we boosted our support for the Methodist Home for the Aged, Chatham Memorial Hospital in Elkin, and our giving to missionaries and other causes."

All over America today, laymen are raising their sights like that . . . giving not only money but, what is often more important, of themselves.

"I am only one, but I am one. . . ."

Down in Bay City, Tex., automobile dealer Pat Thompson got a vision of stewardship. He quit his business and went to work for the church full time for free. Long a tither, he believed he could educate others to the joys of tithing, too.

Armed with filmstrips, church literature, and a straight-from-the-shoulder stewardship talk, Thompson spent five years evangelizing up and down Texas. Eventually his work spread to five Texas conferences. Result: Texans boosted their giving by at least 60 per cent—something even for Texas!

That means $14 million more per year in these five conferences alone, it is estimated. Texans count Pat Thompson one of the most amazing laymen anywhere.

Visit almost any Methodist hospital today and you'll hear the inspiring story of Indianapolis layman Ed Gallahue.

Ten years ago, Indianapolis Methodist Hospital—along with the rest of the country—faced a critical nursing shortage. One of the biggest church hospitals in the world, Indianapolis Methodist was compelled to close off whole wards for lack of nurses. Urgent cases sometimes

had to wait days for help and care.

Community leader Gallahue tackled the nursing problem and with characteristic business efficiency put his finger right on the trouble.

"If girls don't want to be nurses," said Gallahue, "we'll have to *sell* them the idea." And Ed Gallahue, president of a major insurance company, plunged into the business of selling nursing careers.

Working through Indiana's 17 Methodist church districts, he organized a state-wide campaign with district superintendents, preachers, WSCS, congregations, everybody in the act. Gallahue put up a convincing argument.

"For about $300 and three years' time, a girl can learn an interesting career with security for life. Moreover, nursing is perfect preparation for the home and marriage, and, above all, a chance to *serve.*"

With the help of able Methodist laymen Hugh Wiggelsworth and Dr. Claude McClure, Gallahue directed travel over all Indiana. The lay team contacted nearly 6,000 girls and talked about 700 into nursing. But this wasn't enough. Gallahue then took his campaign outside the church to service clubs, newspapers, civic groups everywhere. All Indiana joined the drive. To button it down, each Methodist minister and Woman's Christian Service president was assigned a quota of one student nurse per year. Ed Gallahue went over the top!

Not only did Indianapolis Methodist lick its nursing shortage, but other Methodist hospitals solved their problem as well. Hospitals even had nurses on the waiting list! As a final tribute to one man's urgent Christian concern, the Indiana Plan was adopted by the Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes. Recently, *The Indianapolis Times* nominated the Methodist layman as one of the top citizens of the state!

These laymen build churches and they champion causes and their combined power now is being felt through nearly 11,000 chapters of Methodist Men. These men can take credit for hundreds of these chapters alone.

There's a story of retired school executive, Dr. J. P. Stafford of Cary, Miss. In 1948 he first became interested in Methodist Men. "Here is one of the great opportunities to harness the lay power of the church." Enthusiastic Dr. Stafford set out on a one-man organizing drive. At last count he had sparked 198 clubs and was still going strong. He's just lost his crown, however, to a tireless

Peoria, Ill., layman, Elmer Jolly—he organized 308 clubs! And in Memphis, layman Jim Seabrook has just set a different record—he has organized a Methodist Men's club in every church in his district!

Through 11,000 chapters of Methodist Men, laymen today are finding some of their finest avenues of service.

Half of the Methodist Men at Winner, S. D., church today are fully qualified lay speakers.

Quite a story behind this little church. It was Laymen's Sunday, 1953, when Lowell Nelson, a clothing-store manager, spoke on the stewardship of time. He said the church needed men who would give their time to Christ. At the close, Bob Frescoln, a young farmer, asked all those interested to stay and discuss Methodist Men.

Soon after the new 18-man chapter stepped into the breach when the Winner pastor was stricken ill. Methodist Men took over Sunday-evening services. Before long, the capable group was filling pulpits in nearby rural towns. They have filled an urgent need. During the last conference year, the laymen of this small church have spoken 70 times in 17 churches. At first farmer Frescoln confided, "Up in that pulpit, I was scared stiff." Then, gaining confidence, he became a regular supply pastor. Recently he graduated from Dakota Wesleyan University and now he plans to enter a seminary.

With probably 25,000 Methodist churches on supply today, the need for laymen such as Winner's is urgent. Fortunately, many churches are rising to the challenge. In the Alabama-West Florida Conference, layman Ralph Paul has organized 600 men on call to fill vacant pulpits.

In the Richmond area, a team of conference lay leaders has recruited 2,500 lay speakers! Joseph Smith of Bethel, N.C., and A. G. Jefferson of Lynchburg, Va., launched a unique *No-Silent-Pulpit* drive. The Richmond area with many large circuits was unable to hold preaching services every Sunday in every church. But the situation is different now! In extraordinary ceremonies, Bishop Paul Garber personally consecrated all 2,500 lay speakers!

While thousands of loyal laymen are filling pulpits, others are advancing the church today with their harvests.

Take the Methodist Men of First Church, Kinmundy, Ill. "We looked around for a real project," says lay leader and local editor, J. N. Vallow, "and decided on a Lord's Acre."

Methodist Men picked a run-down, 40-acre tract, only partly tillable. "It was all sassafras and persimmon sprouts and poverty grass. The last renter never even got his seed back."

Kinmundy men bought their challenge for $50 an acre—about bottom price in productive Illinois. They plowed, fertilized, and cleaned up the poverty grass. Income first year was $1,242, with which the men bought more fertilizer and paid for land leveling. Next year they planted soybeans, wheat, and sweet clover. The abandoned farm has been paying off ever since. To date, the run-down farm is paid for and it has raised $3,500 on a new parsonage. The land now is worth $7,000. Not only the Methodist Men, but the whole Kinmundy community is proud of this success.

There are projects a-plenty these days for Methodist Men.

The Lord's Acre is successful in many states. Each year Lebanon, N. H., farmers tap their Lord's Acre trees for maple syrup and give the proceeds to the church. In Montana, stockmen have registered a symbolic "cross" brand for livestock donated to overseas relief and CARE. Every

l, hard-working laymen are pick-
g corn somewhere for The Meth-
ist Church.

Looking for a project in your
urch? Here are some standouts
consider:

For years now, the men of High-
d Park Church, Dallas, have
anced and produced The Method-
Men's Hour. The sermon is by
. Marshall Steel. While the tran-
iption is free, Methodist Men's
oups make arrangements for the
oadcast on local stations. More than
5 radio stations in 45 states and
awaii, Puerto Rico, and Alaska
ry this message.

Scholarships fill another great
ed.

Los Angeles men provide scholar-
ips for young people entering full-
ne Christian work. Last year they
ve $2,000 to 10 students. Recently
tudent wrote gratefully:

"I was happy to receive the
holarship fund. Three weeks ago
y wife came down with pneumo-
, and we have had many unex-
cted expenses. Our savings have
en dwindling as a result. This
oney will put us back on our
ancial feet and get us through the
mester. I know that God is provid-
g for us."

Opportunities? They're unlimited!

A lively new project for clubs is
omoting the magazine TOGETHER
in some cases even underwriting
e subscriptions.

Methodist Men today are provid-
g Talking Book subscriptions to
he Upper Room. Thus thousands
the visually handicapped can join
e world-wide fellowship of daily
votions with the same meditation,
ripture, prayer, and thought for
e day.

Still other clubs run courtesy-car
rvices for the handicapped and the
derly during Sunday church service.

Methodist Men blood banks are
roving a real lifesaver in many
wns. Some churches are sponsoring
ar-round athletic programs for all
ges.

With an old-fashioned "western
x roast" the men of Carmel, Ind.,
hurch fed 8,000 people and raised
5,000 toward a new sanctuary.

From coast to coast, hard-working
aymen are rolling up their sleeves
o pour concrete, lay roofing, plaster,
nd build with their own hands
urgently needed churches in burgeoning new communities. With building costs soaring, these laymen are saving their churches untold millions.

Never has the layman had greater challenge and opportunity. And how do you get things going in your church?

Robert Mayfield, secretary of the Board of General Lay Activities, urges three steps:

1) *Organize a Methodist Men's club.* "First thing it will do is to give a group of men not now holding responsibility a chance to be active laymen."

2) *Reach out and draw new men into the church.* "A lot of men who will come to Methodist Men may not come to church. This is the chance to bring them into the family."

3) *Get a stewardship program underway and tap your latent lay power.*

Last year at General Conference Bishop Richard C. Raines spelled out stewardship for every man.

"Too long have we thought that we had to leave the office, or the store, or the market place, or the lathe, or the bench, in order to do spiritual work. But it is not so. Spiritual work is not limited to the .3 of 1 per cent of the people of God, the clergy, but is the privilege and indeed the responsibility of every disciple of Christ."

Peter Waldo--There Was a Man!

Church laymen, busy today in scores of fields, owe a debt to a rich merchant of ancient Lyons, France, who paused one lazy Sunday in 1173 to listen to a strolling minstrel. The troubadour sang of St. Alexis, who gave up worldly prosperity for the poverty of a priestly life. On the edges of the crowd stood Peter Waldo, wealthy, worldly —and ill at ease. The more Waldo thought about the song's message, the more concerned he became—until, a short time later, he gave away his possessions, had the Bible translated into French, and became a strolling Bible preacher, a dedicated man of Christ.

Quickly he attracted followers, mostly unlettered men who committed whole sections of the Bible to memory to aid them in their preaching. Known as the "poor men of Lyons," they ran afoul of the Catholic hierarchy but stuck to their principles: the priesthood of all true believers, the Bible available to all, religious liberty, freedom of conscience. And in spite of persecutions and slaughters, the Waldensians, as they came to be known, have clung tenaciously to their beliefs to this day.

These principles, charted by Waldo, eventually were picked up at the time of the Reformation by Martin Luther (1483-1546) and others. And, as the centuries rolled by, these same basic tenets helped guide John Wesley (1703-1791) as he set Methodism on its path.

Today, there are an estimated 100,000 Waldensians in the world. Their stronghold is in the Italian Alps, but they are found, too, in much of Europe, South America, and even in the United States. And to this day the core of the group is still the same: the dedicated layman who devotes his life to the service of others.

Starting at the UN, *a snapshooter gets his first souvenir. MYFers enjoyed the glass walls and the ultramodern interiors.*

At the UN and in Washington . . .

Young Methodists See

As the last snows of winter swirled down on New York City, 63 Methodist youth leaders from 27 states gathered in Gotham. They came to spend two days in America's biggest city, then three more in the embassies and conference rooms of Washington, D.C. Their goal: to get the feel of world and national issues with which they, as earnest Christians, must grapple.

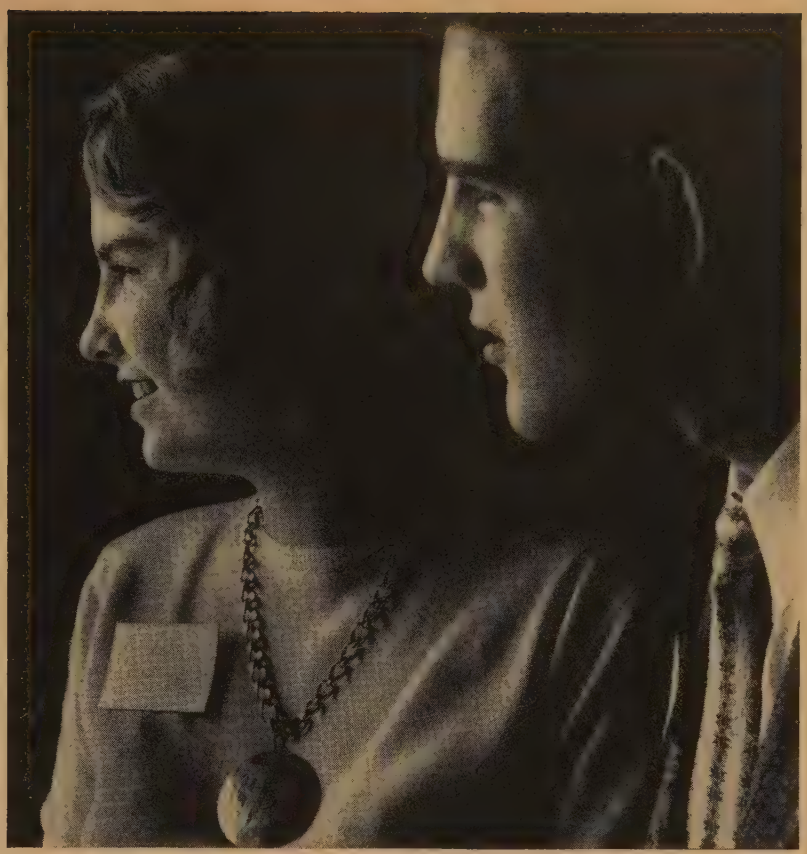
For two foot-throbbing days they explored the futuristic UN building. They listened to debates, interviewed some headline-makers, and used rolls of film. Sandwiched in between were serious discussions, official dinners . . . and carefree evenings of theatergoing and sight-seeing. The Methodist Boards of Missions and Temperance joined with the seminar's co-sponsors, the Boards of Education and World Peace, to make every minute meaningful.

Washington was as they expected it to be—only bigger and busier. The pace quickened into a fast round of visits, interviews, and freewheeling quiz sessions that left diplomats of several nations mopping their brows.

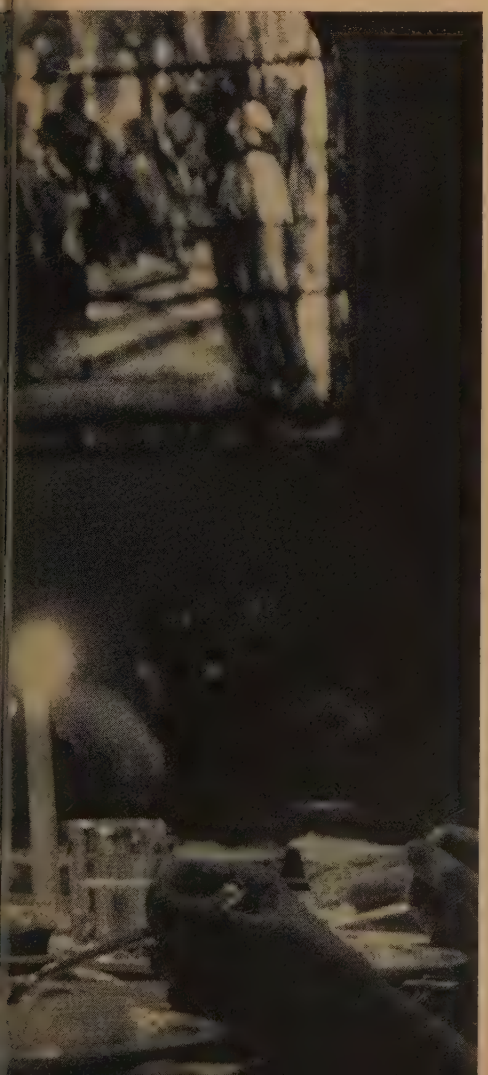
tter World

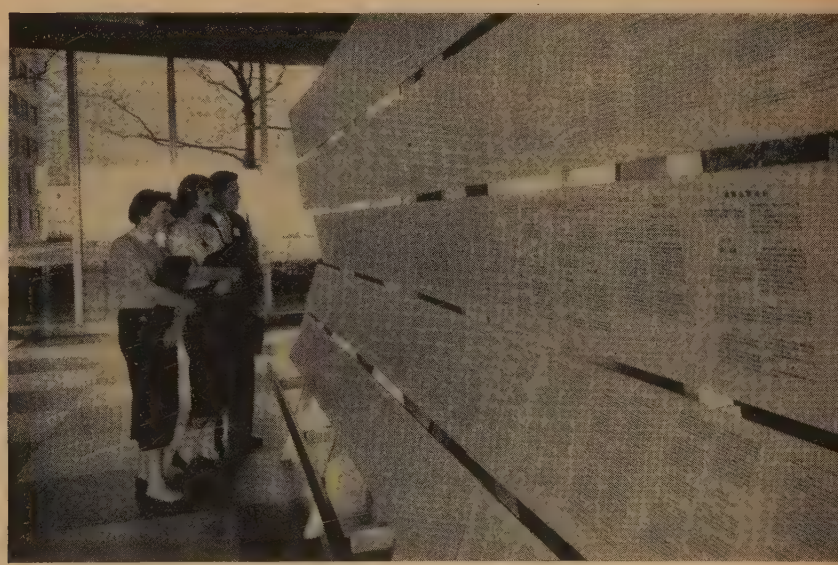
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EUGENE COOK

Glimpse of one world *seen from bal-ony of UN Security Council chamber.*



Face to the future, *Ruth Olsen, Mamaroneck, N.Y., and Jim Dilley, Kenosha, Wis., study flags of world from UN window after talks on peace.*





"Will UN charter *stretch enough to work in today's strife-torn world?", trio asks, examining the document in multiple languages.*

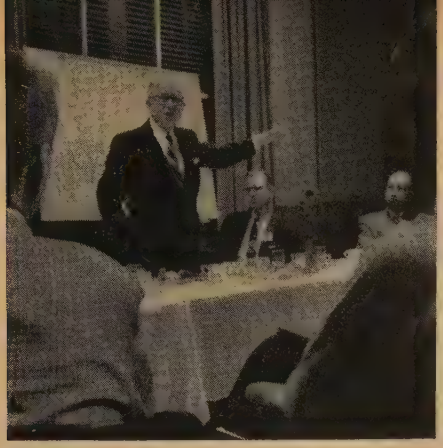
Prayer on Park Avenue *unites Rev. Samuel B. Sink, Reedsville, W.Va., with MYFers Jean Edwards, Rocky Mount, N.C., and Ronald Holland, Kansas City, Kan., before dinner in the renowned Christ Church of Dr. Ralph Sockman.*

Today we begin . . . *Co-leaders May Titus, Board of Education Youth Department, and Herman Will, Jr., Board of World Peace, brief group for tour.*

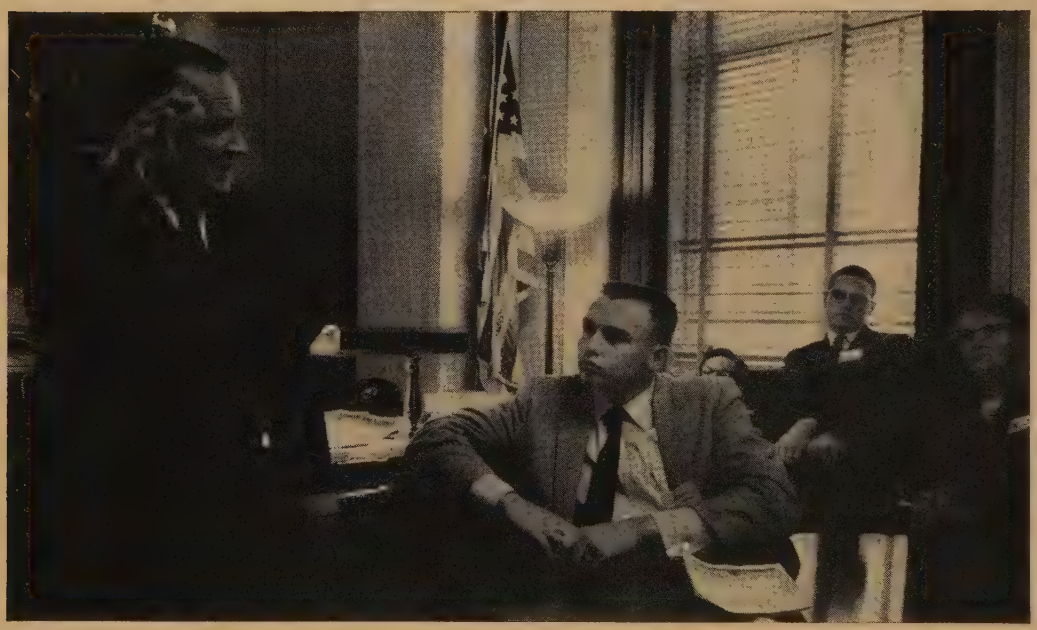
On the town *for an evening, students chat during a theater intermission.*

Washington, here we come! *sing Doug Kallenberg, Troy, N.Y., and Bill Mendenhall, Stockton, Calif. On the train some slept, others massaged tired feet and discussed their impressions of the UN, the racial question, and atomic-test restrictions.*

Faith in God *and the future shines from the intent faces of David Halbert, Malvern, Ark., Sue Jones, Washington, D.C., Sue Stinespring, McHenry, Ill., as they visit the historic, old Foundry Methodist Church in Washington, D.C.*



***Christian careers** in world affairs were described to the tourists by Hurst Anderson, president of Methodist-sponsored American University in Washington.*



***Senators visit** with MYFers between committee sessions, phone calls, and roll-call votes. Above, Sen. Douglas of Illinois chats with two young constituents: Sue Stinespring, McHenry, and Jim Schults, Wauconda. Left, Sen. Knowland of California, a Methodist, discusses Red China with Merwin Mitchell, Wichita, Kan., Charles W. Tucker, Ashland, Va., and Mrs. Wade Taylor, Canton, Ohio. MYFers also saw Senators Sparkman and Humphrey; Representatives Marguerite Church and John Moss, all fellow Methodists, while on their trip.*

***Cold-war questions** are raised by group during two-hour session in a Washington embassy. Foreign diplomats found the young people's queries direct and sometimes hard to answer. Briefings beforehand gave last-minute information.*

upreme moment was a visit to the nation's highest tribunal. Afterward the group posed happily despite a snow flurry, at ght went to Lincoln Memorial where boys and girls united in spontaneous hymns. Said one: "We all felt Lincoln's spirit."

"I was amazed to find how human the leaders of our ıtion and the world really are," said Barbara Sue Iutti, Missouri Conference leader. "The seminar made ıe realize how ignorant I have been of world situations. rom now on I'm really reading my newspaper!"

This clear-eyed humility was typical as the MYFers ɔarded trains and planes for home. "God goes with s as we put into practice what we learned," declared Carolee Wood, Silver City, N.C.

Back home, the young people wrote articles for their school newspapers and spoke before church, school, and community groups. They challenged audiences to take a Christian interest in public affairs.

"They are spreading a gospel of new hope—and great challenge," reports Seminar Leader Will. "Every year several Methodist boards co-sponsor tours like this for Methodist youth leaders, ministers, women, laymen, and students. We want to help tomorrow's leaders glimpse and actually feel the challenges that face Christian men and women in this atomic era."

There's a bright side to the GI story abroad, too. Here the author rounds up the best things that our boys are doing overseas.

How ~~Bad~~ Good are GI

LAST MONTH, Gordon Gaskill reported why the American GI often wears a black eye on foreign soil. Neither hoodlum nor angel, he nevertheless is partly to blame. And at the root of about 80 per cent of the "incidents," he has found, is alcohol.

But American troops also are winning friends. The Pentagon's Community Relations Program, nicknamed "Comrel," unfolds in this final installment.

THUS FAR, I have described largely the dark side of the GI picture, which is unfortunately the side most publicized. The brighter side is very much more encouraging. While GI Joe is far from bucking for saint, volumes could be filled with his good deeds. He has an enormous amount of good will, if properly approached; no other soldier in the world can touch him. He will spend astonishing amounts of his own time and money in good works, if anybody points out what needs doing.

To encourage this side of him and to build up pro-American feeling is the job of the Pentagon's Community Relations Program—"Comrel" for short. With its backing, American forces have produced a "witch" to delight Italian children, fed wild animals in snowbound forests, aided a Greek family to emigrate to Australia, and helped buy church bells in Britain and Germany, among other undertakings. GI Joe also has collected tinfoil to buy seeing-eye dogs in England, floodlit a French cathedral, parachuted baby food into Holland, volunteered blood for a Turkish blood bank, sprayed locusts in Morocco, and flown German children up to 10,000 feet in an effort to cure whooping cough.

On one occasion an American commander, trying to please British males, even *ordered* American airmen not to kiss British girls.

Troop behavior is naturally a vital part—but only a part—of Comrel's problem. In general, it tries to see that foreign civilians are disturbed as little as possible by the American military presence.

Sometimes it goes to extraordinary lengths. Neither the U.S. commander of an air base in England, nor the British pig farmer just outside it, ever realized what screaming jet noise would do to pregnant sows. It caused them to farrow prematurely and, mad with fright, they killed their offspring. The next time the sows were about to deliver, the American commander ordered all jets stilled until the piglets were born.

In Morocco, during the Lent-like Moslem fasting month called Ramadan, it is a sin for Moslems to eat or drink until the exact moment of sunset, which is often signaled by a cannon shot. Some Moroccans innocently began sinning when they mistook the sonic booms of American jets breaking the sound barrier for the sunset gun. Learning this, we banned late-afternoon booms during Ramadan.

When Ramsgate, an English resort town, began losing tourists because our night jet flying made sleep difficult, we stopped the flights.

Even before an American unit moves into a new place, Comrel suggests that its commander go on ahead, sit down with local mayors and important citizens, and work out such problems as water supply and traffic routing before they ever come up. Foreigners, like Americans, complain of jet noises. Complainers, plus local officials and newspapermen, are invited out for tours of the base, wi explanations of why jets make much noise, why planes must fly patterns they do. Sometimes they rides in jet trainers and usually co back wide-eyed jet fans, noise or noise.

Realizing that too many forei uniforms are a subtle irritant, Co rel directs Americans to wear civili clothes off the base as much as p sible. There are exceptions: Mor cans, who tried hard to bother Americans in their last riots, could recognize them unless in unifor And Berlin, isolated in Commun Germany, likes the reassuring pr ence of Western uniforms.

Comrel urges all commanders cultivate good relations with lo officials and important citizens. Oft these are rod-and-gun friendshi which grow quickly, require lit language, and pay rich dividends.

In France and England, each b has a local trouble shooter to h keep troop-civilian relations smoo When local parents near a base France, for example, kept th daughters from going to base danc our local aide invited priests, mayo and civic leaders to be chaperons and broke the ice.

When an American pilot me tioned that in World War II he h been shot down in France and sav by two resistance workers, the civ ian consultant at his base hunted the two Frenchmen and staged reunion.

Comrel officers work closely wi American diplomatic and USIA p sonnel, who often know local con tions better than the transient mi tary men. In one Arab kingdo where Russia is trying to undermi Western influence, I saw this operation pay off. Our air-base co

Abroad?

By GORDON GASKILL *Part II*

ander and a USIA man learned at the king had a brand-new na-onal anthem he had never yet had ne to hear, except falteringly on a w flutes and fiddles. They got the se band to work out a full-dress ar-ngement in secret, then sprung it the king when he visited the base. is Majesty stood a foot taller, with smile like the sun.

Next to alcohol, language troubles use most Comrel migraines. Most Is stubbornly refuse to learn more an a pigeon form of the local lan-uage. This isolates them behind in-sible walls and almost guarantees oubles.

"We figure," one Comrel officer in ermany says, "that if a man gets to now even one foreigner as a friend, e's no problem to us any more." Un-rtunately, they rarely do, for lan-uage reasons. So Comrel tries to udge them into activities requiring ttle or no language. Some examples:

Church affairs: Many Americans ng in choirs, take part in church ac-vities.

Music: A surprising number of GIs lay in local symphony orchestras, nd roving U.S. bands, orchestras, lee clubs, and drum-and-bugle corps rum up much friendly feeling. One uch U.S. Air Force corps twice stole he show at the Edinburgh Music estival; once by its marching nambo, again by suddenly produc-ng a superb bagpipes outfit.

Sports: Since football and baseball re almost unknown to foreigners, Comrel pushes the great internation-

Good tidings from Texas! Houston GIs (left to right) Rivers Eskind, Norman Benson, and Buddy Youngblood distribute winter clothing to Korean babies.

al game of soccer. The U.S. Air Force alone has some 200 teams. Joint rod-and-gun clubs are fairly common. There is, of course, another sport requiring little or no language, and *l'amour* poses Comrel problems that are almost insoluble. If local girls go out with Americans, local males get sore. If they don't, Americans get sore. GI Joe usually does all right for himself. American troops in Britain marry some 250 British girls every month.

Another important factor in building good relations is the timely aid given by our military firemen. Often, with their fast, modern equipment, they have fires out before local forces arrive. In one such case, however, the locals had the last laugh.

"Mais, messieurs!" a French fire chief grinned. "Do you know what you have done? You have just saved the office of the Communist Party!"

There is another kind of action, perhaps the most heart-warming of all, also done without thought of Comrel dividends—the spontaneous gestures by individual Americans or units.

Thus, one day while the *Newport News* lay in Genoa, Italy, a sailor read about a Genoese man trying to sell one of his eyes to raise money to aid his polio-stricken daughter. Touched, the sailor went to work, and the whole ship chipped in. Even today, several years later, the same ship, wherever she is, sends an annual fund to that family.

There are so many spontaneous gestures like that, a reporter soon gets tired out putting them down. In Paris, for example, a sergeant's wife heard about a French boy with the rare "glass illness," which made his bones break at the slightest pressure. Under her leadership, other American wives joined in baking cakes and pies to raise money for the expensive, and successful, operations.

There is no counting the thousands of orphans and poor children who have been helped, sometimes adopted, by our forces. The navy has a pleasant custom: when a ship leaves America for the Mediterranean, either her namesake city or home port contributes tons of clothing, which are distributed to needy people overseas.

Especially during Thanksgiving-Christmas holidays, all American bases break out in a rash of parties, with tons of food, candy, and toys, especially for poor children and orphans. One base still keeps the thank-you note from 90 little French orphaned girls. They wrote it themselves, in English, and their teachers wisely made no corrections. Part of it says: "And, ah, the drinkables! So rich, yellow, and pink, with straw pipes! It tastes so well, the little gluttons we are. . !"

This is the other side of GI Joe. By human laws, his good deeds rarely get the publicity of his bad ones, but they are not forgotten, either. They sink slowly into the public consciousness to be remembered, if only hazily, as a counterweight against the headlines screaming rape and murder.

Consider the small German city of Bad Hersfeld where a U.S. court-martial found a young GI guilty of raping a local girl and attacking two others. Bad Hersfeld was understandably shocked over this man's crimes.

But it was also this same city which wrote to President Eisenhower, asking that a certain American officer once stationed there be allowed to come back to see a new orphanage officially dedicated.

Checking, the White House found that a California colonel had led his men in an almost incredible list of good works in Bad Hersfeld, capped by raising $10,000 toward the cost of the $25,000 orphanage. A White House phone call cut red tape and the colonel was on hand for the dedication.

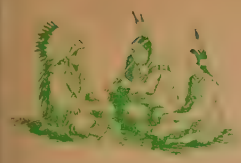
It is likely that any reasonable Bad Hersfelder, weighing the two men against each other, will decide that the colonel represents the truer face of America.

I always think, too, of the pair of U.S. airmen who were walking back to their base near a small French town one night when they came upon some commies painting a "U.S. Go Home" sign in broad sweeping strokes on a wall.

The Americans looked at each other, then walked over—and politely helped them finish the sign.

It would be hard to carry Comrel's helping-hand idea much further.

For 80 youngsters in a French orphanage, new shoes—donated by our GIs abroad.



MIDMONTH POWWOW

READERVIEWS

What can we do about preparing our young men for the military? Here three men with firsthand knowledge provide some answers.

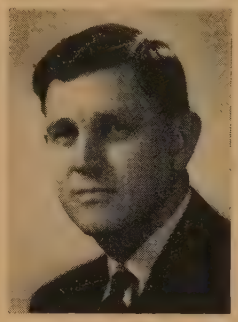
Dr. Thoburn T. Brumbaugh, Executive Secretary for East Asia, the Board of Missions.

THE ARTICLE by Gordon Gaskill is a challenge to the Christian church. But it fails to report a twofold situation to which Christian people at home have not given sufficient attention: (1) a lack of adequate moral and spiritual training in home, school, and church and (2) the need for a more effective Christian ministry to our servicemen off duty.

The former shortcoming can only be rectified by increased awareness that a large part of our youth will be rendering military service amidst people and conditions very different from those in their home communities. This calls for more vital moral and religious training in home and family life, education, and all other avenues for the development of Christian character and dedication in our young people.

And the church must be prepared to follow its youth wherever it goes. This, of course, acknowledges the importance of effective Christian chaplains in our military forces, but it also requires a corps of civilian chaplains or pastors in every land where there are large concentrations of American military personnel stationed to guard the peace of the world.

To meet this need the Protestant churches of America are endeavoring to provide Christian leadership and service centers in many of the large cities in the Far East. Important as may be the Pentagon's Comrel program, the cause of Christ has much more to offer our servicemen.



Rev. John R. McLaughlin, General Secretary, Methodist Commission on Chaplains.

OF THE MANY reactions I have to this article, I will name two:

1. One study reveals about 15 per cent of the servicemen in Japan are the "bad ones." It would seem unfortunate for the author to classify all of them by telling us in his first article the impression these few are making.

It is time we clothed the term "GI" with some of the warmth and personality due to human beings. What is a GI? A figure of a man in a uniform. It is left to the chaplain to see him as he is—a normal human being. Like every man, he needs the redeeming love of Christ to make him a son of God.

2. In the second article the author tells of a government program to offset the effects produced by the delinquent 15 per cent. Let's look at another program working effectively among servicemen, but overlooked by the author.

Had the author traveled 10 miles more he could have visited the chapel centers. The Methodist Church has invested nearly 500 ministers in this program. As never before, the church is a factor to be reckoned with in the soldiers' world. Yet a few lines in the two articles dispose of the church as a factor. How does one analyze the moral and spiritual life of the serviceman without reference to the chapel service at Frankfurt or Wiesbaden? How could one miss the program in Arabia, Antarctica, the Northlands, Eniwetok? Are these not also indices to the GI's character?

D. Stewart Patterson, General Secretary, the Commission on Camp (Military) Activities.

IF AMERICAN GIs are misbehaving abroad the church should be positively concerned rather than negatively critical. The church can do much to change the situation.

An effective pre-induction counseling program would provide a major means of helping many to avoid trouble. The basis of such a program would be preparation for the maintenance of Christian ideals and service while in the military.

There are four basic reasons for pre-induction counseling:

1) Experience is not always the best teacher. It may be dramatic, but it is often too dangerous.

2) An understanding of the environment into which one is going is a part of effective preparation. How to meet pressures and temptations; how to be "in the world but not of the world"; how to retain one's personal integrity—these are positives to be learned.

3) Discovering positives and negatives. Military experience need not be a dead-end experience—education may be continued; cultural lives of other people may be studied; technical training may be received; engagement in religious and missionary activities may be maintained.

4) Incentive is always better than invective. Christian ideals may be carried by our people of the military today to all parts of the world.

We should counsel with our youth to be Christians who may indeed be ambassadors of good will, of friendship, and of integrity.

CHESTER LAUCK: From air waves to oil rigs in a single leap.

TWO-IN-ONE. It isn't often a man can drop one successful career in middle life and launch another equally rewarding. But Chester Lauck is one man who has turned this difficult trick.

For 24 years his voice paid regular, welcome visits in the homes of millions of radio listeners from coast to coast; he was "Lum" of the popular radio team, Lum and Abner.

But a few years ago he flip-flopped out of radio into a completely different world—big business. Now he is executive assistant of Continental Oil Co., traveling at the rate of 100,000 miles a year and speaking as many as eight times a week in five different states.

Lauck's self-description, illustrated by photo of real and radio selves: "A split personality."

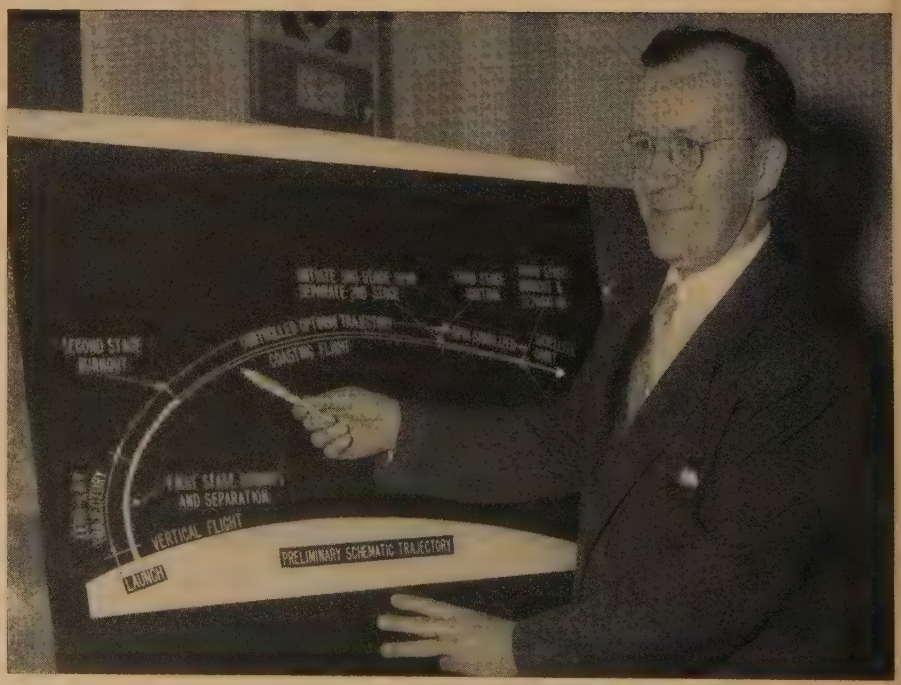
Within our church are many exceptional people. As a sample, meet these

Unusual

SPACE MAN. When the U.S. fires man's first earth satellite out into space by 1958, it will be a special triumph for a quiet-spoken Methodist. He's Dr. John Peter Hagen, director of Project Vanguard, the navy's satellite program.

Dr. Hagen began work for the navy 20 years ago, still carries the same battered lunch box he used his first day. An authority on short wave, radar, and radio astronomy, he started out to be a lawyer but switched to science because one day in his senior year at Boston University "I was offered a teaching fellowship at Wesleyan in physics. That paid money; law school didn't."

How does this scientist from the Clarendon, Va., Methodist Church find relaxation from his charts and figures after a hard day in the lab? By watching baseball on TV with his wife and two sons.



DR. HAGEN: A teaching fellowship is helping to launch the new earth satellite.

RS. HEDGEMAN: City official, busy wife, and spark plug of Methodist affairs.

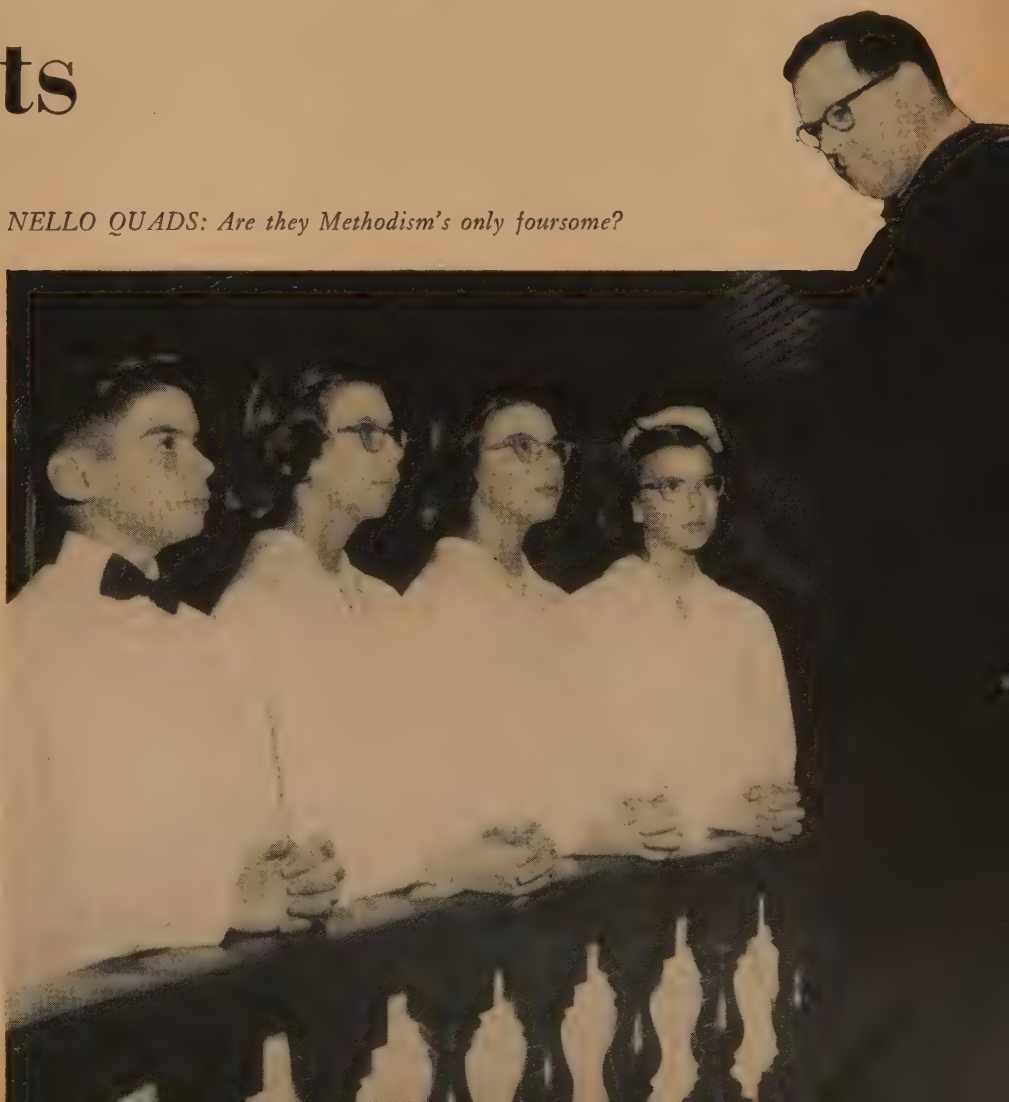
MAYOR'S RIGHT HAND. Lifelong Methodist Mrs. Anna Arnold Hedgeman wanted to be an actress. But her father, a religious crusader, set her on a course which led to teaching, welfare work—and now assistant to Mayor Wagner of New York City. To list her activities requires three long, single-spaced pages; they range from work with union leaders to training students from abroad, and from studying Israel's educational programs to inspecting seamen's centers in Turkey.

With all that, this wife of a concert artist finds time to serve St. Mark's Church, Methodism's largest parish in New York, and both our denomination and Christianity by work on half a dozen boards and agencies striving to advance the cause of Christ.

Typical of her far-flung honors: a high-school library in Inkster, Mich., is named for her—and so is a new highway in Fort Worth, Tex.

Methodists

NELLO QUADS: Are they Methodism's only foursome?



[ULTIPLE METHODISTS. Wor-ipers at First Methodist Church, Iollis, N.Y., enjoyed a rare treat re-ntly. A set of quadruplets—three rls and a boy—was received into iembership.

The look-alikes were Michael, Mau-en, Eileen, and Kathleen Nello, 13, ildren of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Iello. The quads have been attend-g the church since moving to Hollis me six years ago.

Said their pastor, the Rev. Wesley . Osborne, "It was certainly a proud ay for us all." One recent count owed 26 sets of quads now alive. nd that brings up this interesting uestion: Are the Nellos the only Iethodist foursome?

Dr. Osborne thinks there may be nother set attending another Meth-dist church someplace in this vast nd of ours, "but I don't know here."

Scanning the majestic order of the universe, a naturalist finds sublime assurance to sustain h faith in God—and in the future.

Sinless and Godless

By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

FROM time immemorial men have looked heavenward to find some answer to the questions of the soul. It has seemed, since the days of the Prophets, that surely in the stars lay some answer to ultimate mystery, and every child has had an instinct that there, perhaps, might be the seat of the Almighty. Today we have lenses that can pierce deep into infinity, and still we do not catch a glimpse of the Throne.

Astronomers—not the least devout of men—are not looking, however, for so much as a glimmer of a golden chair leg. They simply want to know what it's like out there, especially on the planet most likely to resemble our own earth. And last year Mars was exceptionally close—only some 35 million-odd miles away.

This close-up confirmed our earlier impressions—that in the warmest part of the day on the Martian equator, the temperature is still no higher than on a sunless chilly day in the late fall of New York. That there is not enough free oxygen in the Martian atmosphere to keep a candle burning. That the scenery there is monotonous—mostly one vast desert, with only very low mountains.

The storms we see are probably great whirls of dust. There are no seas. The polar caps are not certainly ice; they may be nothing but cold clouds, or thin snowfalls, and the "snow" may be carbon dioxide—"dry ice," as we call it. Little there is on Mars to sustain life.

In contrast, here on earth we have everything needed to sustain life's most complex forms, from a hummingbird to an orchid. Our oceans, slow to heat up and slow to cool down, act as great thermostats, holding the temperatures of soil and air back from sudden and excessive rises and falls. We have an abundance of free oxygen to breathe, to which our plant life is forever adding more because it produces more than it can itself use.

Even water has a property that could well be called God-given. For, as it reaches the freezing point, it begins to expand, so that a cubic foot of ice weighs less than a cubic foot of water, and as a result ice floats. This is a simple fact of primary importance to us all, for if ice sank, it would accumulate at the ocean bottoms, and so all earth's waters would by now have become cruelly imprisoned. Instead they run in the rivers that refresh the lands, and lie in lakes reflecting the heavens, and girdle our globe with mighty seas.

So it would seem that, as if by a great design, conditions on earth are uniquely adapted to the sustaining of life and its flowering into beauty. Even the blue of the sky is a phenomenon of our atmosphere, an optical effect, just as the rainbow is. The soundless, smokeless mills of the green leaf are forever producing the primal work of the world, in furnishing our basic foods, so that the veriest weed is more valuable in life's economy than the wisest economist. The perfect fit of the sphinx moth's long tongue to the deep, slender corollas of some of my garden flowers, too, seems part of some grand design where every piece fits together to perfection. Or, if we cannot fit it all in place today, we feel we may discover how to do so with fresh eyes tomorrow. Thus if we awake and find "the morning dew-pearled," then, surely,

God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

Turn, however, to your morning newspaper, and you know at on that you and Browning are sad mistaken. When Thoreau wrote, have heard no bad news," he was n thinking of the daily press, but of t thrush's song. He, who so confide ly broke civil law, on high princip that he went to jail for it, trusted— unconsciously—to nature's laws.

But these are not really laws, the sense that man-made dicta a Nor are they the same as divine la The laws of both God and man pr sume not only a lawgiver, but a m rality behind them. Even the gri laws of the totalitarian states a based upon an ethic of their own, b it no better than might makes righ

Divine and human law both te us what we, as individuals with fre dom of will, shall do, exercising ou ethical choice. It is a sin, or lays u open to a run-in with the police, t break these laws, and punishme may follow—now or in the hereafte

Natural laws are so different th perhaps they should not be called b the same name. They are, rathe shorthand descriptions of effects th take place as a result of certai causes. Mendel's law of inheritanc Newton's law of gravity, Einstein law of relativity, and all the rest o them imply no freedom of will, n higher authority, no set of ethic Moreover, it is quite impossible t break them—hence one cannot si against them, neither may one lay u treasure in heaven by obeying them For nature, which is God's hand work, is not in itself God.

To embrace this grand fact is a once to get rid of a great deal of sen timental pantheism and to open fo ourselves a vast serenity in which t escape from our moral responsibili ties, "the weighing of fate, and the sa discussion of sin." The discarded sen

Donald C. Peattie: "Nature, which is God's handiwork, is not in itself God."

...ent was never more succinctly ... tritely expressed than in Joyce ...mer's poem, *Trees*.

Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree

...ist at all—trees are made only by ... Great oaks from little acorns ... a grain of sequoia seed is the ... begetter of the California Big-... oldest and mightiest of living ...gs. Hickory trees come from ...ory nuts, and chinaberry trees ...m chinaberries. We may add that ... are written only by poets, who ... such fools as they sometimes ... One declines to think that only ...d can make a fool, since making ...k of ourselves is one thing that ...l humanity can do without divine ...ervention.

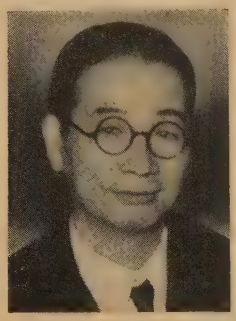
...short, there is no place for God ... that couplet at all, and he has been dragged in to bolster up an otherwise weakish bit of versification, and made to vouch for statements that, to the scientist, are untrue. And that, it seems to me, is taking the name of the Lord thy God in vain—not, to be sure, as an oath, but in the vain hope that somebody will believe what you have said if you just bring the name of the Lord into your argument.

Sir James Jeans, the astronomer who was so brilliantly successful at popularizing his great science, was occasionally guilty of vanity of this sort. I seem to remember that he stated that God must be a mathematician, because the universe was apparently ruled by mathematics. I find Sir James' statement philosophically naive. The stars, which looked to the old desert shepherds like gems on a black cloth, are known to us now to be whirling hells of heat. If God is a mathematical God, moving among them, he is certainly not the personal God I need.

For profoundly do I need both God and nature. But I don't need—or want—to have them telescoped into one and the same. The result, to my mind, is a disastrous collision. I am a layman, trained as a scientist; I am a baptized and confirmed member of a Protestant faith, still in reasonably good standing, as far as I know. As a scientist, I have the right and duty to query all natural phenomena. But I have it on the best theological authority that the ways of God are not wholly comprehensible to the weak human intellect, and will probably always remain so. This decree I accept, but only if I may keep God and nature separate. For I shall never come to the end of my

A Prayer

to make your own



Japanese Christian, Toyohiko Kagawa

O GOD of heaven and earth,
we thank thee
that nineteen hundred years
ago, thou didst reveal
the perfect figure
for mankind in the person
of a carpenter.

Through his courage,
through his pity,
his love of his fellow men,
and his victory
over suffering, sorrow,
selfishness, and sin,
and death,
thou didst manifest to us
the perfect man.

Teach us that our own
pathways of life must lead
on into the way of Christ
who hung upon a cross.
Wavering, unwilling
to make the choice,
we hesitate.
We humbly confess it.

Cause the spirit of Christ
to dwell in us,
that we may kill selfishness
and be children of God
who love our fellow men.
This we pray
in the name of Christ.
Amen

FROM PRAYERS FOR LIVING, ABINGDON

curiosity and need to probe the mysteries of the latter.

And separate they inescapably appear to me. For if God set off nature in the first place, like a wound-up clock (and on this I will not argue), it is certainly not ticking along on the beat of Christian ethics—or the ethics of Plato or Confucius, so far as I know anything about these. So if indeed God marks the smallest sparrow's fall, how can he do so with the eyes of an umpire? That, certainly, is against the nature of things.

The other day, for example, I was looking out of my study window at a Sierra junco, a harmless, friendly little bird, with soft subtle colors, pink sides, and black bill. He was hopping quietly on the brick wall, when a bluejay swept down out of a tree, laid the junco dead at one stroke of his fierce beak, and then with a raucous screech of triumph and a flash of beautiful blue wings, swept up to his perch again.

Before I had time to bury the junco, my telephone rang. It was a friend busy with an "inspirational" article on nature, who wished to know if I could think of any animal which killed wantonly, as humans do. "Yes," I said. "Bluejays." Nor can I find any place to fit Divinity into that small avian murder.

This is not to say that I think the natural world is an ensnaring province of the devil, as some of the old pietists believed right up to the time of the Salem witch trials. Surely there are few today who hold that the devil has conquered the world, or that God put fossils in the rocks "to tempt geologists to infidelity," as was once stoutly maintained.

Rather do I believe that nature's is a sinless world, and one in which matters are working out over vast spaces of time according to evolution. (And I beg you not to object that "Darwinism" is an abandoned theory, for there never was such an "ism" as "Darwinism" except in the minds of its opponents. Darwin, for one, knew nothing of it. He was just one of the many great naturalists who perceived and proved the fact of evolution, a fact now admitted by every scientist, from famed astronomers to insignificant botanists like myself.)

And I do believe, too, that science should not be separated into good, helpful science, and bad science threatening the world. You have to take the scientific method as a whole. If you deplore it, on grounds of Christian morality, you should logically have your electric wiring torn out of your house (as you should pluck out your eye if it offend you) and the telephone too, also your TV set. And give all to the poor, to be thorough about it.

What, then, is left of nature? What good is it to us, if it contains no grand spiritual design, no great morality?

It is so great a good that I, for one, could not find my way through life without it. It is not only a vast sanctuary, in which one may refuge from the whips of conscience and the struggle between right and wrong. It is an immense and innocent purification. The long sibilance of the wind in the treetops, high above good and evil, is not the voice of God, nor is the eternal plunge and sigh of the surf on the shore, no, nor bird song nor cricket chirp. But these voices and their like drown out the counsels of the man-made world, so often false. And in the serenity which they announce one can in time, with listening, catch sometimes, it seems, a truly divine instruction.

The beauty of the natural world is so great that surely it can come—though God knows how—from no hand less than God's. Its catalogue is so endless one can begin anywhere: with today's sunrise, with this moment's leaf shadow dancing on the path, with the Grand Canyon, or the sight of the snow-capped Rockies across the plains. Beauty, too, is cleansing and brings its own absolution and enlightenment.

But even in the dark, alone, at midnight, I find in nature not God but a sublime assurance. For there is everywhere in it, from the table of the elements to the structure of an atom, from the honeycomb of a bee to the composition of a daisy, in every case a specific and incorruptible order. It is this majestic order, prevailing throughout the whole of nature, which—more than its peace, more than its adorable beauty—sustains me. And so upheld, one may humbly go on to seek what it is not for any of us here on earth to discover.

"Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph. D.

Teens Together

With an ex-teen-ager

Q *My trouble is my temper. I get mad too easily. I used to have friends at school but they deserted me. Some other girls invited me to a picnic with them. When we got there I realized they'd invited me only to make fun of me. They kept trying to make me lose my temper. Finally I did; then they laughed real hard. I came home alone. I talk back to my parents, too. Can you help me?—D.T.*

A Part of being a teen-ager is having temper problems. Your temper is worse now than it will be later. Do you have any special talents? Are you a good Sunday-school leader? Then lead a class. Can you sew nice clothes? Then sew them. Are you a musician? Then play. The more successful you feel, the less you'll lose your temper. Try to head off rows when you see them coming. Most people will be glad to help you. Let your parents know what you're setting out to do. Be sure to get enough sleep and to stay well. Fatigue and illness will increase your troubles, you know.

Q *I'm a boy of 16. I have awful pimples on my face. They are very big and leave scars when they go away. My dad had them, too, and his face is pitted permanently. Girls look at me, then cringe, and turn away. Dad said I could see a doctor if I wanted to. He also said pimples are something I have to live through. Is he right?—J.H.*

A Perhaps he's right, but there may be ways to improve your condition. See a good skin doctor. They have learned much about those teen-age pimples. Diet helps some young people avoid them. Certain antiseptic skin cleansers seem to prevent the infections. Sometimes hypodermic shots are used. Don't give up until you've tried all the things a good dermatologist can suggest. In these cases, persistence helps.

Q *Shall I tell a boy why I don't go to the movies with him? He has invited me 10 or 11 times. I am 13 and he is 14. My parents say I'm too young for dates. If I tell him that he'll think I'm a square.—M.V.*

A Thousands of girls your age face the same difficulty. So do many boys of 13 and 14. Tell him. I'm sure he will understand—and he certainly will not write you off as a square.

Q *As a worried mother, I'm writing you about my daughter's make-up. My girl is 15. We are having an argument over lipstick, rouge, and plucked eyebrows. I use make-up myself; I don't think it's sinful. But I hate to see my girl grow up so fast. Couldn't she be a sweet, simple little child a few years longer?—B.T.*

A I'm afraid not. Teen-agers are growing up faster than their parents did. Partly the reason is physical. They're healthier, quicker to mature. Partly the reason is commercial. Television, radio, and printed ads encourage them to be like adults. In a home such as yours, I suggest you let your daughter use the same make-up that the good girls in her class use. Don't permit her to be ahead of them; don't force her to be very far behind them. Just have her avoid extremes.

Q *My parents won't trust me. I'm a girl of 15 and don't deceive my folks any more than the other kids do. I've made a few mistakes, but they didn't turn out too seriously. My mother wants to know ahead of time everything I do. She cautions me until I'm red in the face. My father seems to expect me to lie. He asks me to prove some of the things I tell him. My friends' parents are just as suspicious. Why won't they trust us?—M.L.*

A They want to trust you, but are afraid you'll make disastrous mistakes. You may exaggerate your strengths; they exaggerate your weaknesses. How frequently have you deceived them? If they catch you in one lie they'll stay suspicious. Be honest with them. The quickest way to get freedom is to demonstrate to parents your good judgment and reliability.

Q *I am almost 15. I went with a boy, 18, for a long time. I truly loved him. Usually he is good, but he has bad friends. He was arrested with stolen hubcaps in his car. He said another boy had put them there, but I don't believe him. The judge placed him on probation for a year. I kept going with him. Then he and his gang stole expensive tools from a garage. I have broken up with him. I feel awful. My mother tells me I did right, but I'm not sure. I wish I could talk with my father, but he died three months ago. I used to discuss my problems with*

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?

Abandon Ship (Columbia) ***Adults*** (+)

Really grueling—and apparently based on a true incident. After the sinking of a luxury liner, Tyrone Power is in command of a lifeboat. It was built for nine, can hold 13 at most, but now has 26 aboard or clinging to the sides. When a storm comes up, Tyrone has to make a life-or-death decision.

Bachelor Party (United Artists) ***Adults*** (+)

On a typical bachelor party for an office friend, each man tries to drown or forget the frustrations and fears which make his life empty. Not always a pleasant film, this is an important one.

Boy on a Dolphin (20th Century-Fox) ***Family*** (+)

Sophia Loren, a sponge diver in Greece, discovers a sunken ship with a strange statue of a boy on a dolphin. She tells Alan Ladd, an archaeologist. Clifton Webb, a treasure-hunting adventurer, also hears of the statue. The story is exciting, the scenery magnificent.

Designing Woman (MGM) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

This is sheer fantasy—no one would expect, or want, to find these characters in real life. Gregory Peck, a crusading sports writer, marries Lauren Bacall, top fashion authority. But their two worlds are not easily combined.

The Little Hut (MGM) ***Adults*** (—)

Stewart Granger is a financial genius, much too busy to pay attention to the emotional desires of his wife, Ava Gardner. She, in an innocent way, runs around with David Niven, a former sweetheart (and friend of Granger's). When the three become marooned on a desert island, the producers have a struggle getting the humor out of the situation and still keeping the film clean. They don't quite succeed in either.

Ride Back (United Artists) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

William Conrad is sent into Mexico to bring back accused murderer Anthony Quinn. He captures Quinn and they begin the long ride back. On the way, the character of each is vividly revealed in Quinn's struggle to gain his freedom and Conrad's to keep his prisoner.

Spring Reunion (United Artists) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

The scene is a high-school alumni reunion. Betty Hutton, who was the most popular girl in her class, is still unmarried. So is her former sweetheart, who was voted the most popular boy.

Dragoon Wells Massacre (Allied Artists) ***Adults*** (+)

Ingredients: Barry Sullivan, being taken to the nearest judge for trial for murder; Dennis O'Keefe, army captain, who happens to meet the prison wagon; a traveling peddler (actually a gunrunner for the Indians); a stagecoach with a couple of women passengers, and finally the familiar Apaches on the warpath.

Twelve Angry Men (United) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

Why does a jury return a verdict of guilty? Or not guilty? At first, only one of the 12 has a doubt about the guilt of a boy accused of murdering his father. Before a verdict is finally rendered, the motivation of each juror, his prejudices and complexes, are revealed in the harsh light of the jury room.

Ten Thousand Bedrooms (MGM) ***Adults*** (+) ***Youth*** (+)

A rather silly story of Dean Martin, young manager of a world-wide chain of hotels, who falls in love with a girl in every port—until he meets Eva Bartok. Singing and beautiful background scenery of Rome give the film a certain glamour, but they don't compensate for the feeble plot—and neither does Dean Martin's singing.

him. Now I've received poor grades in school and I don't even care about swimming, although I am on a swimming team. Will you help me?—M.A.

A You did the right thing. Life has been cruel to you. You are having to grow up faster than most girls and it is hard.

Try to stop thinking about this boy. He is old for you and appears headed for serious trouble. Try to look upon him as an important part of your growing up and nothing more. Go out with another boy. Eventually you'll find a more reliable one you can enjoy going with.

Look for a summer job. Keep active in church. Go places with your friends. Don't stay home brooding. Talk over your troubles with your minister. Prayer will help you greatly. Time, faith, and work will bring you success.

Q *The doctor tells me I am 55 pounds overweight. My parents scold me about it. When I suit up for gym the other boys call me names. I like food. You die if you stop eating, don't you? My mother made me take reducing pills. They gave me dizzy spells. Now Mom has asked the school's cafeteria manager not to sell me cake, pie, or candy. She has put our whole family on my diet. My father promises to give me $5 for every pound I lose and a whipping for every pound I gain. How do other fat boys reduce?—B.L.*

A Until they want to reduce, they stay fat. I respect your folks' efforts, but they can't do the job for you. Pressure and punishment probably will make you want to eat all the more. Ask them to arrange conferences for you with a psychologist. An expert can help you understand yourself and why you overeat. Perhaps then you'll decide to cooperate. So far you haven't. There are good psychologists on the faculty of the college nearest your home.

TEEN-AGERS: Want straight answers to some of your most pressing problems? Then write to Dr. Barbour. He knows and understands young people as do few authorities today. Dr. Barbour is head of the San Diego public-school system's counseling department. Write Dr. Richmond Barbour, c/o TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—EDS.

Why be afraid of advancing middle age? It's the entryway to the richest years of your life.

The Luxury of Being 50

By PHYLLIS W. HEALD

"The minute I saw myself in that size 16 something wonderful happened."

DOES THE thought of turning hold special dread for you? It did r me. I hated the idea. I suspected at on the midnight ushering in y birthday, I'd suddenly turn gray d ancient. Somehow 50 symbolized e end of hope, ambition, everying. So, on the morning of that entful day my husband, a wise d understanding man, suggested I downtown and buy a new dress. At the shop the saleswoman offered veral suggestions. Then suddenly e said, "Mrs. Heald, I have just the tfit for you!" She disappeared, but few minutes later was back with a rling number—in red.

I gasped. "That's not for me! I'm years old." But the saleslady igored my protest. "You're only as d as you feel," she insisted. Then e slipped the dress over my head. The minute I saw myself in that ze 16 and realized it was becoming, mething wonderful happened. All once my 50 years became a proud ssession instead of a burden. In a ash I saw them as a schooling for e years of contentment ahead. And ddenly I was thankful I lived in day's world where life is longer, ealthier, and happier for women, nd the ability to get joy and greatess out of it depends upon ourselves. here are no customs or restrictions restrain us. And standing before e mirror, engulfed in the glory of at dress, I glimpsed the future and nderstood the luxury of being 50.

It is in middle life that we women an take the cream off the milk, so speak. Our families are beyond he "I must worry" stage. Whether ommy studied law as we wanted him to, and whether Betty Jane married the man of her choice or ours, is merely so much water under the bridge.

Today the important point to remember is that our husbands are reaching retirement time and we have years ahead of pure relaxation. Years of well-earned pleasure to be enjoyed with a clear conscience and a happy feeling of complete, continued freedom. We can appreciate the fact that this isn't a short holiday which will end in two weeks and send us back to cooking, laundering, and other domestic duties.

Now we are free! Of course, we still have our homes (and we want to keep them) but they're easy to run. We've outgrown elaborate parties and the haunting need of keeping up with the Joneses. Nor do we have to lie awake and worry whether Betty Jane's boy friend drinks even though she claims he doesn't, or whether Tommy is forgetting his promise to hold his car's speed down to 40. No; now our evenings consist of entertaining small groups, people we really enjoy, with whom we have common interests.

Oh, sometimes we go to a swank restaurant but, frankly, we're bored. At least my husband and I are. And we admit it. As I look around at the gay young things, working so hard to be popular, I'm utterly glad I'm 50. Actually, my husband and I have reached the point where we'd much rather stay home and read, listen to TV, or just bask in the understanding peace and silence that 27 years of marriage has developed. And, I must admit, age has improved my reading habits. Now I have time for more thoughtful books and the maturity to find comfort and beauty in such literature as the Bible.

Another appealing advantage: At 50, one can be eccentric, whereas at 30 the same actions were considered rude. I know a woman who decided that after her 50th birthday she would never accept a formal, written invitation. She had always hated those parties but had felt it her duty to appear at them. So, in the last 12 years (she is 62 now) she has built up a reputation as a charming personality who will be seen only at friendly,

BEAUTIFUL USEFUL HANDS

ON SUNDAY just one week before Easter I sat with my family in church. I was unaware that anything out of the ordinary was to take place. But as soon as song services began, I noticed a young lady standing with her back toward the congregation in front of a group of strangers.

There were about 25 in the group. As the choir sang, she relayed every word in sign language, keeping time in the smooth-flowing rhythm of her hands.

When our pastor arose, he said, "These are our silent friends," indicating the group seated to his left. "They will be with us in service from now on."

All through the services the young lady—I learned later her name was Mrs. Boswell—interpreted each song, each prayer. I watched, fascinated. Mrs. Boswell relayed the message of Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, her hands quick as lightning, with grace in every movement.

Never have I seen hands so beautiful as these, and I have seen many hands in my time. At the end of the service, each man and woman in the group became a member of our church. Mrs. Boswell is not a deaf-mute, but both her parents are, and were among the group.

On Easter Sunday it was a joy to see her telling those who couldn't hear with ears the story of the Resurrection, of how the stone had been rolled away, and how we serve a living, triumphant Christ.

Later I telephoned this Christian woman to tell her what a wonderful thing she was doing. From this conversation I learned many things.

"I see no difference in the way I serve the Lord and any other way," she said. "The Master has work for us all, if we search out the niche into which we fit. This just seems to be mine.

"Both my parents are deaf-mutes. I learned to talk with my hands before I did with my lips."

—LILLIE DE ARMOND

intimate affairs. She has become a coveted guest—and has sloughed off many wasted hours of boredom.

I don't mean to imply that there are no problems, worries, or unhappiness after 50. That is absurd. Life's drama plays on to the final curtain and the masks of both comedy and tragedy are used to the end. But middle age is like a gentle satire. It explodes the bogies of youth for what they are and teaches us to smile.

Nor is middle age complacent. I have a friend who has become interested in raising tropical fish. Now she gets as upset when one of her angelfish dies (and they're always dying) as she used to when the boss' wife called and her house wasn't in order. But the fish are a hobby; the boss' wife was stern reality. And that's an important difference.

Another friend recently had 100 beautiful color slides stolen. They were rare pictures of rare birds, taken at great expenditure of labor, time, and money. She was as upset as she would have been back in her business days when a big deal fell through. But there is a difference in her case, too. Now she can rant, complain, and tear her hair. In the past she had to hide her feelings and pretend it didn't matter while, probably, it actually meant the difference between security and long hours of financial worry. So now there is the luxury of freedom even in anger.

No wonder so many of us find 50 a wonderful age to take on interests or hobbies. Whether it is gardening, traveling, or learning French, there is a thrill to the endless possibilities of new or renewed activities, and that childlike feeling, "The world is so full of a number of things . . ."

But what I am most conscious of is an appreciation of actual living, of little, unimportant happenings that can bring a flood of joy and a positive feeling of pleasure: the arrival of the first robin in spring; the warmth of a summer sun; the tart, juicy apple of fall; a grove of sycamores on a moonlit winter night. There are other, more tangible delights in life even at 50, but serenity and the beauty of simple things are privileges for maturity to appreciate.

Best of all, I have learned compassion. When we are young we are so critical, so filled with assurance. We know what is good and what is wrong; we are positive that black is black and white is white. That is as it should be, for the world would never progress without the acquisitive mind of youth striving for new conquests and attainments. But by 50 we have learned to be philosophical. We know we cannot save the world. The most we hope to accomplish is to make it a better place in which to live. So we glean understanding and sympathy for the frailties, weaknesses, and failures that burden mankind. We appreciate the fact that it is not always easy to be strong, not always possible to be wise, and that courage can be missing in some of us as can beauty and even health. Then, as we understand the suffering and sorrow of others we become humble before our own good fortunes and our thanks to God grow deeply reverent.

Thus into our middle life comes religion in its greatest and fullest meaning. It is the time when prayer becomes true Communion and God is close and real. It is a time when faith takes on the warmth of sunlight and the shadows of life dissolve in its encompassing glow. It is a time when eternity becomes much richer than a word; it is the symbol of a future to be blessed by the ever-glorious presence of our Lord.

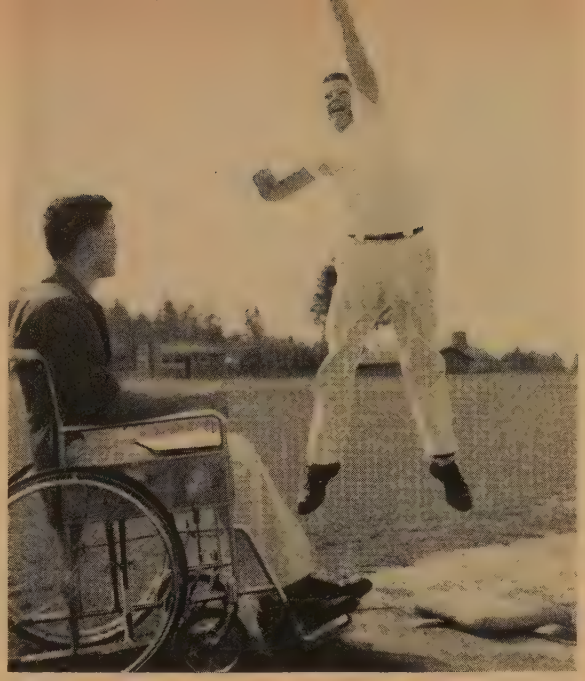
So when you reach 50 don't let it bother you. Instead, go shopping for a red dress or a bright new tie. If you can't find one, don't worry; it's the trying that is important. Whether you wear your new finery or not is immaterial. What does matter is that you are *thinking* in terms of a lively new appearance. For that proves your spirit is alive and capable of enjoying the holiday time of life. And that can be yours for many soul-satisfying, worth-while, livable years.

Together in the Home

What's troubling you most these days? You are invited to write for this page—about real-life family and home problems and how you have solved them. If your letter is published (300 to 500 words, please) we'll send you a $50 check.—EDS.

This teen-age lad has converted his handicap into an asset for himself—and others, too.

Coach in a Wheel Chair



"Higher, man!" Hillis gives tips on spearing a hard line drive over third base.

YOUNG Don Hillis has a record most coaches would envy. And he made it the hard way.

Only 19, Don has led softball teams to two championships in a row—a string of 32 victories without a defeat for his youngsters of Capitol Hill Methodist Church, Portland, Ore. At the same time, he coached other teams to second- and third-place finishes. And his basketball teams also fight for the friendly youth with the magic touch.

But Don has his own problem. He is confined to a wheel chair, where doctors say he will remain the rest of his life.

While he worked during his 1952 summer vacation as a garbage collector, an inexperienced driver sent their truck hurtling off a mountain road and into a ravine. Don's spinal cord was severed, leaving him a helpless cripple, paralyzed from the waist down.

But by that October, he surprised his friends by sitting up. Then followed two years of study at home, coupled with work at the rehabilitation center where he learned to take care of himself in a wheel chair, use crutches, and drive a specially built car.

Far from feeling sorry for himself, he says, "God must have some purpose in saving my life. It makes me feel I am good for something."

In the spring of 1953, his pastor at Capitol Hill, the Rev. Eugene Hamblen, asked him to manage either the junior-high or the senior-age players in the Portland Methodist League. He chose the younger team and started his pennant drive.

But how to show the players the fundamentals? How to scoop up grounders? How to shift weight in batting? Don called on the older players to demonstrate as he explained.

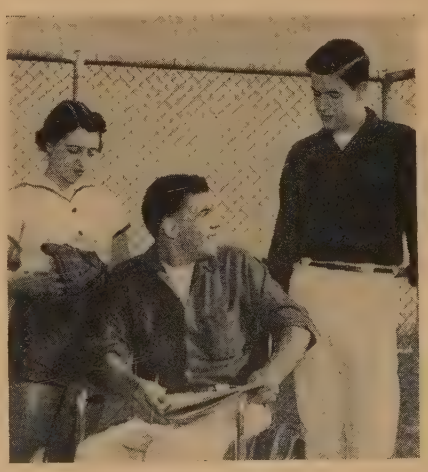
His players pay him the respect he has earned. They vie for a chance to push his wheel chair or win his salute for a good game. And even more important than the championships, the players have become sportsmen.

A part-time bookkeeper for a garage, Don plans to study business administration in college. Then—if he's lucky—he'll take up coaching as a career or, second best, be a radio announcer. He's not worried a bit. "In my situation, I have to wait for an opportunity to knock. I'm not counting on it, but I'm hoping."

But for Don Hillis now, his wheel chair is a throne.

—WATFORD REED

Grabbing a grounder: A fresh recruit learns as Don uses a player as a model.



Don's teams play in a coed league —and here he talks over strategy with pitcher, left, and one of his outfielders at a practice session.

Sculpture by Upton Clary Ewing, at Boston University.

My Visit With Albert Schweitzer

By JAMES EDWARD DOTY

Pastor, First Methodist Church, Lynn, Mass.

A Methodist pastor traveled 8,000 miles to Africa and came back with these dramatic pictures of 'the world's greatest living man.'

Here at Lambarene in disease-cursed West Africa stands the hospital, now a world symbol of Christian concern.

WHEN word of my arrival reached the jungle doctor of Lambarene, he was preparing to sit down to a lunch of fried bananas, lettuce, soy beans, and fruit juice. He came out of the dining room, smiling broadly, hand outstretched.

"Here, let me carry your bag!" he said in French, brushing my hand aside when I protested. Dr. Albert Schweitzer is 82; I am in my 30s!

"I shall take your things to my room where you may wash up for dinner," he said.

The meeting ended my 8,000-mile journey by plane, jeep, and river boat from Lynn, Mass., to the disease-cursed heart of French Equatorial Africa. In my pocket was a check for $1,700 contributed to Schweitzer's leper colony by the people of Lynn, where I am pastor of the First Methodist Church.

It was midday in Lambarene. Smoke, which I learned later helps drive the dreaded tsetse flies away, drifted through the settlement around the jungle hospital. Several dugout canoes lay on the beach, where natives in bright clothing moved about.

But I saw this colorful background from the corner of an eye, so to speak. Most of my attention was focused on the consecrated, friendly man beside me—Albert Schweitzer, Nobel prize winner, famed Protestant medical missionary, theologian, surgeon, musician, author. He appeared 20 years younger than his actual age. His mustache was large, walrus-like,

"This rare beauty spot is on the river as one approaches Lambarene."

"In the original self-service laundry. Native women are scrupulously clean."

napped this informal picture of Schweitzer while on a boat trip."

"I'm still wondering where he'll ride the 'cycle.'"

"It looks like she's buying fish, but the boatman's selling smoked antelope meat . . . quite a delicacy!"

"Native dancing girls, a street guide, animals — all seemed to love posing for my color camera shots."

brown, unruly as his silver-streaked brown hair.

This was the man believed by some to be "the world's greatest living man," by others "the great man's great man." But his main interest at the moment was my own well-being and in carrying my heavy suitcase.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

In the dining room I was greeted by about 20 persons, including Mrs. Schweitzer, a small woman in nurse's uniform. Most of those at the table, I learned, were members of the hospital staff, but one was a young American student from Oklahoma.

Schweitzer ate with an enormous appetite. I could not help noticing the hands of the remarkable man who came to Lambarene on the Ogooue River in 1913 to help sick and dying black men. Those hands had written books in such varied fields as pipe-organ construction, the life of St. Paul, a philosophy of life and civilization. Those same hands had operated on thousands of African natives, had played Bach and Beethoven on the organs of the Continent. They had built buildings. They had set limbs. They had greeted tens of thousands of admirers such as I. They had brought the newborn into the world of light. They were the hands of artisan and artist alike.

I say I am an admirer of Albert Schweitzer. That is putting it lightly. For years I have been absorbed by the life of the jungle doctor who, at 30, was a world-renowned biblical scholar and concert organist. Before meeting him, I had written a series of 14 newspaper articles about him. I had visited his home town, Gunsbach in Alsace, in 1947. I knew how he took up the study of medicine and how he proposed to his wife, the former Helene Bresslau:

"I am studying to be a doctor for savages," he told her. "Would you spend the rest of your life with me—in the jungle?" The answer was yes.

Mrs. Schweitzer went with me to Schweitzer's room that evening. I handed the doctor the $1,700 check from the citizens of Greater Lynn. He looked at it in silence. Finally he put his hand on my arm and said something in German.

Mrs. Schweitzer said, "The doctor is deeply moved."

Both wanted to know how the money was obtained. I told them about the articles I had written for *The Lynn Item* and how it was suggested that the contributions of readers could go toward erecting a hospital building in the leper colony. Schweitzer was particularly interested in learning that $17 came from the day

"Life looks easy on 'Main Street' in Lambarene— and it is, compared to that in our busy American metropolises."

"Those curious animals of Lambarene are everywhere!"

"This is a singing school I visited while in Lambarene."

"I found American and British magazines circulating in Lambarene — as pin-ups adding touches of color to walls!"

"Jungle animals are tame and abundant near Lambarene. This truly reflects Dr. Albert Schweitzer's 'reverence for life.'"

kindergarten in the First Methodist Church of Lynn.

"Tomorrow morning after breakfast we shall go to the leper village," he said. "One of the buildings will have the words *Case Lynn* (Lynn House) on the walls."

The village was partially paid for by the Nobel prize money of $33,000 which Schweitzer received in 1953. The Norwegian Nobel Institute, a five-member board, announced the peace award but, in keeping with tradition, gave no explanation. In Schweitzer's case, an explanation was hardly necessary.

My eyes were opened to the extent of Schweitzer's work as we took a 10-minute walk to the isolated leper colony the following morning. We followed a trail which winds through orange and grapefruit orchards planted by the doctor in 1929. The jungle around us was alive with color. Exotic birds flew from tree to tree. Parrots chattered. Beautiful—yet I knew that this green world swarmed with tsetse flies, ants, termites, and disease-laden mosquitoes.

When Schweitzer came to Lambarene in 1913, many of the natives were crawling with disease. Swamp fever, sleeping sickness, and other dreadful tropical ailments were rampant. Here Schweitzer opened his first hospital in a hen house, using a camp bed as an operating table.

More than 200 lepers are housed in the colony. The old huts have been replaced with new buildings.

"Doctor Schweitzer," I asked. "Do you come down here every day?"

He threw back his head and laughed. "Every day I come here four or five times at least!"

The leper colony is the best-known aspect of Schweitzer's concept of "Reverence for Life." Your humane association could have no more devoted or dedicated member than Albert Schweitzer. Every week is "Be Kind to Animals Week" at Lambarene. The doctor once said: "I will to live in life as life around me wills to live." He actually talks to animals as if they are human and can understand. On our strolls he stopped often to talk to chickens, goats, dogs, and other animals. Mrs. Schweitzer says the hospital at Lambarene "resembles a zoological garden as much as it does a hospital!"

Schweitzer has a pet pelican, five antelopes, innumerable cats, a chimpanzee, parakeets, parrots, dogs, two hogs, and a goose. A nurse keeps a pet porcupine in her room. One of the surgeons has raised three baby gorillas.

But the unfortunates of the leper colony are

"When I accompanied the doctor on his rounds, he'd stop often."

"Here I am with a friendly baby chimp."

"This crude sign pointed the way on my many jungle walks to the leper colony."

"... and this building is the reason I came all the way to Africa from Massachusetts."

"Even the animals can now expect the best of medical care."

"At first the natives viewed Schweitzer's medicine with suspicion."

"Boys find year-round swimming here."

"He's like a small boy anywhere . . ."

closest, perhaps, to the hearts of Schweitzer and his staff. The lepers respond with affection. I recall the dinner for a French doctor who was to leave the next day after concluding three years at Lambarene. While we were at the table, children outside began to sing French hymns. Their final number was *Blest Be the Tie That Binds* to the tune we know so well in America.

I asked a Dutch nurse where all these youngsters came from.

"They are children from the leper village," she replied.

Our evening meals were times of devotion. We sang from French hymnbooks one evening, German hymnals the next, as Schweitzer played the piano. Following the song service, he read from the French New Testament and repeated the Lord's Prayer. Somehow the words ". . . . for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory" meant more than ever to me when this great Protestant medical missionary said them.

Often my imagination went back to the early years at Lambarene when the good doctor and his wife cleared the jungle. Together they faced physical danger as well as hardship and disease. Savages with broad-bladed knives, spears, and poison arrows confronted them with suspicion.

But suspicion fled when the skilled hands of this merciful man brought comfort and relief from pain and affliction. Schweitzer operated for tumors, hernias, boils, and ulcerous skin growths. When he put a native under anesthesia, the savages thought the patient had been killed and brought back to life again. As word of his seemingly magic power spread, the natives came from far and near to receive treatment.

"Hernias and tumors are the most common operations we have here," one doctor told me. "We have virtually no cancer and never have had an appendectomy since I came. One of our biggest problems occurs when a pregnant woman, first treated by a witch doctor, comes to us. Often a Caesarean section must be performed to save one life or both."

I was permitted to watch many operations in the new operating room, which is a far cry from Schweitzer's hen house and crude operating table. There is overhead lighting, a modern operating table, a new generator to provide power.

"Albert Schweitzer's movements are full of

"These children will live longer, happier lives because of one man's dedication to Christian service . . ."

"I'm standing in front of the Protestant chapel which marks the site where the now famous Dr. Schweitzer performed his first jungle operation."

"Lambarene's modern operating room is a far cry from the abandoned chicken coop first used by the Schweitzers 44 years ago."

vitality as though he were a man half his age," one of his nurses told me. "You should have seen him work from early morning until dusk day after day when the leper village was being built. He would come back to the hospital soaked to the skin with perspiration, yet would work until midnight or later on his mountain of correspondence or on some writing which he was doing."

The red corrugated tin roofs, cement foundations, wooden uprights, and tightly knit palm fronds of the new leper village provide the best buildings yet constructed for patients in the 44 years of the hospital's work.

One nurse at the leper dispensary always seemed to have a smile, regardless of the condition or hideous appearance of a patient.

"You must like your leper work," I exclaimed.

Her reply was amazing: "It's beautiful work!"

During my two weeks' stay, I talked to many members of the staff. Several days I helped in the gardens where the food for natives and staff must be raised in the dry season for the year. I walked through the orange and grapefruit groves. Banana trees, breadfruit, mango, papaya, and the manioc provide other foods for the hospital from its own plantation. We had crocodile tail one evening for dinner. It was delicious!

Albert Schweitzer, world citizen, who was born in Kayserberg in Alsace on January 14, 1875, was taken by his clergyman father to Gunsbach nestled in the mountains of the Vosges, also in Alsace, when he was a few months old. This town, which I once visited, is virtually unchanged through the years. It is the place Schweitzer goes to for his European sojourns from time to time.

Although Schweitzer no longer operates, he still makes his rounds each day, visiting patients at leper village, dispensary, and hospital. Busy from morning to night, he finds little time to answer the steady flood of mail he receives from all over the world. In June, I was told, he was still answering some of the mail he received the previous January.

In 1949, the doctor visited America to take part in the bicentennial of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's birth. He is one of the world's leading authorities on the poet and playwright. In accepting an honorary doctorate from the Uni-

versity of Chicago, Dr. Schweitzer declared:

"You recall to me that you not only think of me as a doctor, but also as one who has worked in the domains of theology and philosophy—and who still works in them. In recalling this to me, you encourage me. And your encouragement comes at a moment when I need it. For 10 years now, because of the war and the postwar conditions, I have had to lay aside the theological and philosophical work which I so much want to complete."

During this trip, Americans learned that while Schweitzer is not noted for his wit, he occasionally flashes humor. While in the Rocky Mountains, he remarked lightly that he did "not support the elevation" very well and that he would be grateful for any information about local witch doctors.

While I was in Lambarene, I had many talks with this man. I became more and more convinced that Jesus might have chosen such a mission as Schweitzer's had he lived in these times. Something of the doctor's philosophy is expressed in the last paragraph of his book, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus,* which he wrote when he was only 31.

"He comes to us as One unknown, without a name, as of old, by the lakeside, He came to those men who knew him not. He speaks to us the same word: 'Follow thou me!' and sets us to the tasks which he has to fulfill for our time. He commands. And to those who obey him, whether they be wise or simple, he will reveal himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in his fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their experience who he is."

At Lambarene I saw many things. I saw birth and death in the same day. I saw laughter and tears on the same hospital street. I saw leper children and elderly mental patients. I saw at firsthand the work of a gifted intellectual man who staked all he had on the future by becoming a physician to heal the bodies of black men in the jungles.

But Dr. Albert Schweitzer has done more—far more—than heal bodies. He has healed minds of superstitions and he has healed spirits by showing a better way of life.

These thoughts came to my mind when I left Lambarene. My pirogue left the dock and moved down the crocodile-infested Ogooue. And as I watched the jungle hospital slowly fade in the distance, the words of the greatest of all physicians seemed to echo in my ears:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"As I say farewell to Lambarene, a flaming tropical sun silhouettes native boatmen on the Ogooue River . . ."

A man should leave the world a better place to live in. Here's a remarkable little dynamo who's doing it.

How 'Tubby' Pays His 'Rent on Earth'

By GEORGE KENT

TUBBY CLAYTON, a plump little Anglican minister, was walking down a London street one evening not long after the end of World War II when suddenly he noted he was at the door of Charing Cross Hospital. Obeying an impulse, he walked in and asked the head nurse if there was anyone in need of religious care. It was an unconventional thing to do, but the Rev. Philip Byard Thomas Clayton was never one for obeying the "little rules."

The head nurse replied that in the big ward a man lay dying, and he seemed very lonely. Presently the little minister sat by the man's bedside listening to his half-delirious account of war experiences. One fact stood out—it seemed he had overstayed his leave one day and had missed the Prince of Wales, who was on a visit to the troops. Not very serious perhaps, but important to this man—a moment of glory he had missed by his own negligence, and he had never gotten over it.

Again on impulse, Tubby rushed from the hospital to nearby St. James Palace, pushed past the guard saying it was a matter of life and death—and was ushered into the presence of the Prince of Wales. Tubby talked fast and compellingly, and a short while later he was back at the bedside of the dying man with a signed photograph of the Prince, bearing a touching inscription.

This was not an unusual event in the life of Tubby Clayton. For almost 50 years he has been rushing in where the strait-laced and the conventional fear to tread—always for the sake of helping someone. "You have to help others," he says. "It is the way you pay the rent for your room on earth." Tubby has "paid the rent" over and over.

His given name, Philip Byard, is known only to his intimate friends. Five-feet-five, round, and merry, he is "Tubby" to everybody from bellhops to earls. Vicar of an ancient church—All Hallows, between London's East End slums and the financial district—he has been called the greatest parish priest of our generation.

Kipling wrote a poem to him. Max Beerbohm caricatured him. When he celebrated his 70th birthday, he received enough gifts, telegrams, and letters to fill a small truck. One was from the Queen Mother whose letter ended: "My prayers are with you . . ."

Restless, impatient, impetuous, Tubby Clayton has been described by *The Sunday Times* as the nearest thing in England to an active volcano. Above all, he is a minister with the gift of inspiring devotion in others. Once in a New York hotel he could find no change with which to tip the chambermaid. Instead, he gave her a photo of his dog, then talked to her about his work. When he had finished, the woman reached in her apron pocket and handed Tubby a $5 bill. "A little bit toward the rent," she said. Men of ability who could have had brilliant careers in other fields have come to him for a brief visit and remained as his faithful assistants for the rest of their lives.

Tubby Clayton was born in Queensland, Australia, and educated in England. As a young student he was an agnostic, but after going into the matter more deeply he not only admitted that he was wrong but forthwith started studying for the ministry.

His most important achievement—his greatest contribution to his spiritual Landlord—is Toc-H, a remarkable organization which now has branches in five continents. Toc-H was born during World War I when Tubby, a chaplain, found himself running a hostel near the front lines in the Belgian town of Poperinghe. Talbot House was the hostel's name, but the troops abbreviated it to Toc-H (Toc was army telegraphese of that day for the letter T). Tubby called himself the innkeeper. The soldiers who dropped in he called his customers. Downstairs there was a piano and billiard table, a library, and canteen. But the soul of the Toc-H was in the attic where Tubby established his chapel, with a carpenter's bench as the altar and a cheap lead sculpture as the crucifix. Paraphrasing Kipling's famous poem, Tubby wrote: "What shall they know of Talbot House who only the downstairs know?"

Shells screamed over the house regularly. One sideswiped it, killing a soldier. Others splintered the roof

and front steps. But its doors never closed and before the war was over there was hardly a man in the British army who did not know Tubby Clayton and Toc-H.

At Toc-H Tubby gave the men on leave what they needed most—warmth, good company, and laughter. A sign with an arrow pointing to the door read, "To pessimists, this way out." Another read: "Please write your name and address in the visitors' book—otherwise how can we forward your umbrella or trace our teaspoons?" Said still another: "Come upstairs and risk meeting the chaplain." Corny, perhaps, but they brought smiles to the faces of tired men.

Tubby did not confine himself to his hostel but also toured the most advanced trenches to see how his "customers" were getting along. And wherever he went he lugged what he called the "crown jewels"—hymnbooks, a movie projector, cocoa, musical instruments. It was during those

"You have to help others. It is the way you pay the rent for your room on earth."

days that he coined some of his most memorable phrases: "If your religion makes you gloomy, you may have dyspepsia but you haven't got religion"; "Lord, prevent me from making up for the shortness of my stature by the length of my tongue," and "The struggle for existence may be dull, but the struggle for the existence of others is the happiest of all hobbies."

When the war was over, Tubby Clayton decided that something ought to be done to continue in peace the wonderful spirit of comradeship and service that men felt in the midst of the war. With only about $95, he started a peacetime Toc-H in an apartment in London. Today it has branches throughout the British Commonwealth and in many other countries—2,000 in all. Its members, to quote Tubby, "spread the gospel without preaching it." In other words, they do all they can for other people—not only the big things, but thousands of little acts of unexpected

"Lord, prevent me from making up for the shortness of my stature by the length of my tongue."

thoughtfulness, which reflect the four principles of the organization.

The first is *to think fairly,* to try to see the other person's point of view. The second is *to love widely;* tolerance of other people, that is, whatever their creed or station in life. The third is *to witness humbly;* the fourth is *to build bravely.*

Out of this simple constitution have come remarkable things. Toc-H members, like Tubby, have "paid the rent" over and over. It was Toc-H which in the '20s helped start in Britain, Australia, and South Africa the blood-transfusion service for hospitals. In 1932, the little parson was so moved by what he saw of leprosy in Nigeria that he made the helping of lepers an integral part of Toc-H. It is not a wealthy organization, yet it has given close to $300,000 to this cause and each year sends large numbers of volunteer helpers out to Africa. The members feel, with their founder, that "fellowship without service is as unreal as a football team that doesn't play football."

Some Toc-H branches have well-equipped houses; others are more modest. One had to meet in the waiting room of the local railroad station.

In each Toc-H branch there is a jobmaster who looks for things worth doing and sees that they get done. Much that they do is unspectacular. They take men in wheel chairs for a ride in the park. One branch has a "lumberjack committee" which cuts and hauls wood for poor people's fires. Another writes letters for the sick. They take blind children and mental patients on tours. Before Christmas they repair broken toys and repaint them for the kids.

More striking perhaps are the play-by-play reports of football games they give to men in hospitals and old people's homes. (Though the British are great football fans, many local games are not broadcast.) It began in Portsmouth, where a Toc-H branch ran telephone lines into a hospital and equipped the patients with earphones. At the field a doctor, a shopkeeper, and a stockbroker reported the game. It was an extraordinary success and has spread since to every town in England and several places in Australia and South Africa. A kindred Toc-H service takes films to hospitals and old people's institutions in England and other parts of the Commonwealth.

In Durban, South Africa, a Toc-H became concerned about the spread of TB among the natives. Raising money, they bought a high, airy tract of 60 acres in the Valley of a Thousand Hills. That was the beginning. One day the members arrived, pitched tents, and set to work. City men for the most part, they knew nothing of their job. They made their own bricks—so inexpertly that their first house literally melted into the ground when the rains came. After awhile, however, there was one solid building, then another. University students pitched in and helped. The natives thatched the roofs. On this place, known as Botha's Hill, a TB hospital and sanitarium came into existence and each year it has grown. Today it has a capacity of 100 patients.

Toc-H has no pride of authorship in such good works. It starts things and is happy when others find what they have done is good and take over. Similarly, when other organizations have a good idea, Toc-H pitches in and helps them, with no thought of personal glory.

One branch took 25 children from a German refugee camp and gave them a three-month holiday in England. The Sandwell group took over the public-market booth of a blind man and ran it for three weeks so he could have a holiday

"The struggle for existence may be dull, but the struggle for the existence of others is the happiest of all hobbies."

in Blackpool. When a Welsh town was hit by a coal-mine disaster, Toc-H took the children for a long vacation away from the scene of horror.

The "unpaid, unpretentious men and women who stand guard for God" do scores of good deeds that no one else has found time to do. For example, Toc-H members have built tennis courts for towns, cleared

fitter from beauty spots, started evening study classes. One adopted a hospital for spastic and after-polio cases, operating the switchboard and running the ambulance. Another built a bus shelter, and still another runs a canteen for relatives visiting patients in a hospital remote from the city. In Wales, Toc-H men worked for a year in their spare time, night after night, to build a chapel and recreation hall for a mental hospital. Other groups manage prison libraries, provide books for men in lighthouses.

In Queensland, a man riding on horseback noticed what he thought was a small animal. It turned out to be a baby. He learned that when the natives have a child they do not want they simply abandon it in the bush. Out of this discovery came a service for these "bush babies." Its first task was to hunt up and care for the abandoned infants. The second was to start educating the natives so that they would give their children more attention.

Always the phrasemaker, Tubby calls the success of Toc-H "a holy cake." He describes the best kind of service as "secret service"—things you do for the sake of doing them. Toc-H, he says, is not a club or even an organization but a way of living—"weekday religion." More formally, he has said that Toc-H is "a reservoir of cheerful, manly determination, wherein each member packs up his own troubles and humps his own pack and has a few pounds of energy left over ready to be harnessed to the needs of others, to keep them from giving up or breaking down."

Tubby's parish in London has only about 200 parishioners, but during the day the area is jammed with people at work in offices and factories and on the docks. Tubby's great effort has been to reach these people and at one time he shocked the city by opening All Hallows Church to enable them to have their lunches comfortably inside instead of in doorways. Not far from the church he also created a playground with a beach on the Thames. The first year it was open, 50,000 children, coming from all parts of London, used it and the number has gone on increasing to such an extent that he now is considering a new and larger area.

This is a church which has many associations for Americans. William Penn was baptized here. In it, John Quincy Adams was married. And in the close vicinity are buried 35 Washingtons and many Saltonstalls, Appletons, and others with names significant to Americans. When All Hallows was practically destroyed by bombs during the last war, Tubby remembered this fact and set out for the United States and Canada to raise money for its rebuilding. Not only was he successful in collecting a large sum, but the trip resulted in the establishment of the Wynant Volunteers, named for our wartime ambassador to Britain. These are young American college students who come each year to London for six weeks' work in the poorer districts. They pay their own fare and maintenance, and they work 12 hours a day. All of them return home with a warm feeling for the British, and the Londoners in turn are left with a warm enthusiasm for Americans.

World War II found Tubby too old for service as a chaplain. But ever the undiscourageable, he obtained an assignment in the merchant fleet and served throughout the hostilities on tankers. On several occasions he distinguished himself for bravery, winning the Military Cross.

The life of this extraordinary man is beautifully summed up by his biographer, Melville Harcourt:*

"An old-fashioned man, this Tubby; a man of dreams who has had the impudence to believe that under God's hand he could make them come true. He dreamed of brotherhood in Poperinghe, and it came to pass; he dreamed that lepers could be hopeful and happy, and, strangely, they became so; he dreamed that young Americans could foster friendship and faith amid the unsightly ruins of East London, and many a Londoner is happier for his dream!

"In short, he is a man who walks with men while walking still with God, and that is perhaps why the most eloquent tribute ever paid him came from a shoeshine boy on West 44th Street, New York City: 'I'm mighty glad the Reverend passed this way.'"

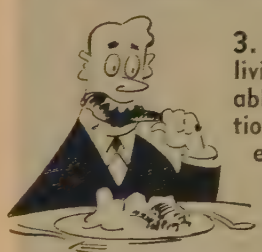
*The Impudent Dreamer (*Oxford University Press, New York*).

How to Get Rid of Your Pastor!

Want a sure-fire formula to get rid of an inefficient pastor? Here's one, developed by the late Fred Trotter, a California district superintendent, which won approval of his bishop.

1. Look him straight in the eye when he is preaching, and say "Amen!" once in awhile. He'll preach himself to death within a few weeks.

2. Pat him on the back and brag on his good points. He'll work himself to death.



3. Start paying him a living wage. He's probably been on starvation wages so long he'll eat himself to death.

4. Rededicate your own life to Christ and ask the preacher to give you a job. He'll die of heart failure.

5. Get the church to pray for the preacher. He'll become so effective some larger church will take him off your hands.

In a world where harshness and "realism" are all too common, here is some advice which reflects the Christian attitude.

Don't Be Afraid of Sentiment

By ARDIS WHITMAN

In a children's ward, a young medic worked wonders—he kissed each child good night!

G. K. CHESTERTON once said that the meanest fear is the fear of sentimentality. How often it robs life of grace and sweetness! Because we are afraid people will think us soft we hide our tenderness under a cloak of sophistication. We say, "Thanks" when we mean, "God bless you," and "So long" when we mean, "I'll be lonely without you." Too many of us condemn true sentiment along with sentimentality, and so live on the surface of things when we really want to speak and act from the heart.

Who does not remember moments when warm and loving words struggled for utterance and were caught back and replaced by something meaningless? We think we are sophisticated when we are casual and unsentimental, but the truth is that trying to get along without sentiment is like trying to live in a world without flowers or music or the warmth of a fire.

Sentiment, says Mr. Webster, is "tender susceptibility." Stop and think how much of what is lovely in life begins in the graces of that tender feeling. And it is sentiment which sends us to friends and neighbors with outstretched hands so that we steadily widen the circle of the human beings we know and care about. And it is sentiment which makes a marriage and a family. For sentiment is to a marriage what good will is to a business—the intangible factor, worth more than every "practical" consideration. No marriage was ever destroyed by it; hundreds have been shattered by the matter-of-factness which is its converse.

Who is there so wise, so strong, that he does not need tenderness?

"We are all lonely under the stars," writes A. Powell Davies, minister of All Soul's Church in Washington. "All strangers and sojourners here on earth." If then we can each of us make for the other a space of warmth and comfort, is that so little a thing?

There is a story of John Carmichael, the Scottish minister, who came to his first church very young and frightened. He felt that his people were looking at him with pity and contempt. And then one day, to his terror, the stern elders of his Scottish kirk filed solemnly into the vestry.

But they had not come to reprove him. They had come to tell him not to be afraid. "Next Sabbath before you begin to speak," they said, "we ask you to say to yourself, 'They're all loving me.' And it will be true. From the oldest to the youngest, we will all be loving you very much."

A few years ago a group of young medical students were training in the children's ward of a large hospital. One particular student seemed to be especially loved by the children. They always greeted him with joy. The others could not understand why. Finally they detailed one of their number to follow him and find out what it was about him that attracted the children.

The observer detected nothing until night, when the young medic made his last round. Then the mystery was solved. He kissed every child good night.

In the end, civilization may be more grateful to its lovers and poets than to its statesmen, for it is they who keep alive what is truly human. And it is this gentle human, individual thing which can reach out to bind people together across the barriers of race and tongue and ancient resentment.

In the last years of his life, Robert Louis Stevenson lived on the island of Samoa. When his friend Mataafa, the Samoan chieftain, was put in prison by the European authorities Stevenson, though he was then ill and tired, went again and again to visit him. Always he brought some little gift.

Deeply moved by this kindness, the Samoans labored long hours to build a road for Stevenson. And when he died they buried him high on a hilltop and made a rule that no firearms should ever be used on the hill, because they wanted him to sleep in peace.

Back of nearly every humanitarian advance is somebody's sentimental

notivation. When Dr. Frederick anting, discoverer of insulin, was a mall boy on a Canadian farm, he ad a beloved playmate named Janie, ho played hockey and baseball with im, skated, ran races, climbed trees. hen one summer Janie suddenly ould do none of these things. She ied of "sugar in the blood." Fredrick Banting never forgot. Later, noved to service, he went on into nedicine. And today millions of iabetics live because he cared about anie.

Only little people fear to display rue sentiment. The great are at home with it as they are with the beauty and wonder of life. Ralph Waldo Emerson lovingly visited the grave of his young wife every day for two years; and though he was one of the great intellects of his time, ordinary people in lecture audiences felt at home with him. "We are simple folk here," a Lexington woman said after one of his lectures, "but we understand Mr. Emerson because he speaks directly to our hearts."

Once Eleanor Roosevelt asked Bernard Baruch for advice on a problem that was troubling her. "My mind tells me to do it," said Mrs. Roosevelt, "but my heart tells me not to do it."

"When in doubt, follow your heart and not your mind," was Baruch's counsel. "When you make a mistake of the heart, you don't feel so bad."

If great people are not afraid of sentiment, then why are we? I think it is because we have been brought up to live our lives in compartments. Sentiment does not belong in business, we say. It does not belong in science, or it does not belong even in our thinking about ourselves.

The trouble is that the habits of mind which deprive us of the grace of sentiment grow more constricting every year. "No child is born with a really cold heart," wrote Lin Yutang. This unpleasant trait is so thoroughly an adult fault that we often confuse coldness with maturity.

What a sorry comment on our wisdom that we should deliberately choke down what is warmest and best in us! And the rewards of our sophistication are meager, for lack of sentiment does not so much make us objective and wise as cold of heart, insensitive, and fearful of life.

How can we keep sentiment alive, especially as we grow older? How can we restore the grace of sentiment once it seems to have fled?

Our first project should be one of personal inventory. There are many hidden motivations behind our fear of sentiment. The next time you discard a warm and generous "sentimental impulse," ask yourself: "From what am I protecting myself and why? Was it honesty that impelled me, or the wish to pose as a sophisticate? Or the fear of being misunderstood?"

Once these questions have been honestly answered, we will shed some of our false fears. To be sure, it is important not to gush, not to say what we do not mean. But it is even

READER'S CHOICE

What magazine article or short story would you like to read again —and share with others? If you're the first to suggest it as a Reader's Choice and if it's used in TOGETHER, we'll send you a $25 check.

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Something Higher than Patriotism

By ROY L. SMITH

THIS IS THE MONTH when everyone feels especially patriotic. The tramp of marching feet, the inspiring sound of martial music, and the sight of our country's flag flying on high combine to stir us all.

Love of country is one of the noblest sentiments ever to dwell in the human heart. Whose pulse doesn't beat faster when he sees Old Glory whipping in the wind? Whose heart fails to leap with pride when he hears his national anthem being sung?

Psychologists have long-winded explanations that somehow never quite hit the mark in trying to analyze that strange response of spirit which we feel when our feet once again rest on our native soil after a trip abroad. There seems to be something of the very earth that enters into the soul.

However, there is something even higher that stirs within us.

It is as Edith Cavell, the courageous British nurse executed by the Germans in World War I, is reported to have said only a few minutes before being led out to face a firing squad: "I have discovered that there is something in life that is higher even than patriotism."

Yes, in spite of all the holy values associated with love of country, there is, as the martyred nurse put it, "something higher." That "something" is the core of real religion. And there is dire need for Christians around the world to make that same discovery—now.

The first great basic proposition Moses laid down for the Hebrews fleeing from Egypt's oppressions, and which they later wrote into the masthead of their Old Testament, was recognition of the fact that there was "something higher" in life than that which appeared on the surface. Utterly ignorant, without political experience or religious training, they were taught to declare, "In the beginning God . . ."

The great theme upon which the prophets and psalmists preached through 1,000 years was that the whole world is under the moral authority of God. To this moral order kings, governments, and even civilization itself were responsible. Any nation or society that violated the law of God was answerable to a Supreme Court from whose decision there was no appeal.

The Hebrews came to believe this proposition and reared their social and political structures upon it. As a result, they began to think for the first time in their experience (in the experience of the race, in fact) in terms of democracy. Among them, and among no other people of the ancient East, the idea began to grow that there is a platform upon which both king and commoner must stand someday as equals. And this doctrine assured every man that he was born with rights—not rights that the state might confer, but rights that were an inalienable part of his birthright.

An arrogant French ruler put the case for the totalitarians when he said, "I am the state." He meant he was the supreme, final authority for all of life for all Frenchmen. He overlooked the fact that millions of his subjects had been nurtured on the doctrine that common men have rights. Even though their allegiance to the Christian church may have rested lightly upon their consciences, their devotion to that Christian doctrine was determined and in the end the tyrant fell. And he fell because he failed to recognize the fact that there is "something higher" in this world.

Modern governments, too, are answerable to that same supreme moral authority. Tanks, guided missiles, and hydrogen bombs do not have the last word in our world. Neither do billions of dollars, pounds, or rubles. The final word belongs to that "something higher" whom we, as Christians, call "Father."

The doctrine of "My country, right or wrong," is in competition with that doctrine of "something higher." The result is inevitable.

more important to reject shrewdnes and suspicion and respond to th sweet and moving things of life.

Perhaps our greatest obstacle i the lack of leisure. Sentiment canno live in an atmosphere of clock watch ing and getting ahead. Nothing in deed can gentle and sweeten ou lives more than the deliberate settin aside of time for those things whic have no "foreseeable practical value. It is in the little things that senti ment is at its best—in the unexpecte letter of appreciation we write to friend whom we saw only yesterday in the gift given simply because "thi reminds me of you."

Just as they have the *heart* for sen timent, great people always some how have the time. Ernie Pyle, th beloved war correspondent, neve was too busy or too harried with columns and deadlines to sit down and listen to the woes of a lonely soldier, or to write letters home fo wounded boys.

Surely the time is there. It is how we use it that counts. Once in one o my father's little country pastorates a farmer's wife died, a plain, good woman who had brought up a fine family of sons and daughters. They had all grown and gone away and after she had struggled on alone for a few years with the silent, gnarled man who was her husband, she simply collapsed over the washtub one day. At the funeral, her husband did not weep; and he made no sign of grief as he plodded to the grave.

But when the ceremony was over he lingered behind to talk to his pastor. He had a small, shabby book in his hand and now he held it out. "It's poems," he said numbly. "She liked them. Would you read one for her now? She always wanted us to read them together. But I never had time. Everyday on a farm there was always things to do. But I got to thinking, nobody's doing them today, and it don't seem to matter. I guess you don't get it into your head what time's for until it's too late."

He was right. It is a matter of priorities—of what we are willing to pay for the gentle ties which we know in our hearts we would not forfeit for any amount of money. In our terrifying and impersonal world, what fools we are if we do not keep alive the little candles, the lovely light of sentiment!

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

They who wait for the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary . . . —Isaiah 40:31

WHEN WE FAINT and grow weary the cause is often spiritual rather than physical. Swinburne wrote:

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow and reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers,
And everything but sleep.

But sleep is not really the answer to the weariness he describes.

Isaiah knew the real answer. It is, as phrased in the King James Version, to "wait upon the Lord." Creative communion with God provides the inspiration, the enthusiasm, and the power for continuing effectiveness. When an eagle soars it stretches out its wings and floats through the air. This symbolizes the quiet power of the "unfrantic people" who wait upon the Lord. This power, which is the gift of God, is available not only for the high flights and the hurried efforts of life but also for the day-by-day walk.

Prayer: Father, in quietness and confidence we wait before thee. Renew us and empower us that we may walk worthily in thy sight. Amen.

—JACKSON BURNS

Jackson Burns
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

A. B. Carlton
Moundville, Ala.

Harry C. Ernst
Clark, S.D.

Cecil F. Ristow
Seattle, Wash.

You shall have no other gods before me.—Exodus 20:3

LET GO THE LURE of other gods. Here is a lamp of God.

Harry Lauder cheered the British Tommies in World War I with his singing and his stories. One of his favorites: "I was sittin' in the gloamin', an' a man passed the window. He was the lamplighter. He pushed the pole up to the lamp and lighted it. Then he went to another and another. Now I could not see him. But I knew where he was by the lights as they broke out down the street until he had left a beautiful avenue of lights."

God's commandment, "You shall have no other gods before me," is a lamp lighted by the first of the "ten words" by which Israel was to see her way along the avenue he chose for her journey.

The greatest discovery was a creative idea: "Let there be light . . . the greater light and the lesser . . ." that, like Job, man might find the answer to the question, "Where is the way to the dwelling of light?"

Light shines out of the story of Moses, of whom Jesus spoke: "If you have believed Moses, you would believe me, for he wrote of me. But if you do not believe his writings, how will you believe my words?"

Jesus also said, "While you have the light, believe in the light, that you may become the sons of light."

The Ten Commandments are not rules to obey as a personal favor to God. They are the fundamental principles without which mankind cannot live together.

Prayer: Thou father of lights, who brought us forth by the word of truth that we should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures by code, commission, and a new creation, may we ever shed abroad in our hearts thy love and liberty, through Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

—A. B. CARLTON

For you were strangers in the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God.—Leviticus 19:34

ONE SPRING, on returning from a term of school, I found in our home a new maid who had recently emigrated from Hungary. Because I was a sympathetic listener and able to speak her native tongue she often unburdened herself to me. "I knew that America was wonderful, but I had no desire to come until my father and brother came here," she once told me. "Then part of my heart was in this country. But now I am lonely because my mother and sisters are still in Hungary and a part of my heart is still there."

In time we were able to reunite the family so that her whole heart could be in her adopted land.

Dr. Rall Answers Your Questions

Harris Franklin Rall
Professor Emeritus, Garrett Biblical Institute.

Q How do I know what to accept in the Bible?

I doubt that we ought to use the words "accept" and "reject." The entire Bible is for our use although some parts may be more useful to us than others.

Let us turn to the New Testament and note what the first disciples did. Most of them had been loyal Jews, keeping the Old Testament laws about ritual, foods, and sacrifices. As they saw it, their religious duty was simply to obey.

Then they accepted Christ.

In him they found God's way for their lives. In him they discovered God's saving help. They saw that salvation was not something entirely in the future, to be won by keeping minute regulations, but also here and now, through acceptance of Jesus Christ. The Old Testament was still the Bible for those first Christians, but they made Christ their guide in the use of the Old Testament. We should do the same.

Q How can I find God in Christ except in the Bible?

Unquestionably, we would not know Christ if it were not for the New Testament. Yet it has no authority above him. He is greater even than the Scriptures that tell about him.

When Peter and the other apostles went out into the world preaching Christ, they asked men to accept him, not what was said about him. They did not set themselves up as infallible teachers. They had an experience of Christ beyond anything they had heard about him.

It is so with us. Our authority is the Christ, to whom the New Testament bears witness.

Q Should we believe the Bible on world's beginning, end?

We believe in God as the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth, creator of all things, but we are fairly sure that it took longer than six calendar days. Probably it took millions of years.

Thus, we share the faith of the writer of Genesis 1, but we do not believe that every detail of his glorious picture is strictly accurate. Indeed, we believe that the present-day understanding of the vastness of the universe is an act of faith in God, the creator of it all.

But what of the picture of the world's end in Revelation? Here again, we share the tremendous faith of the writer.

Ours is the God of the end as well as the beginning. According to his plan, there will be a judgment of evil. There will be a life to come for his children, a life of fellowship with God himself.

The writer of Revelation sets this forth in a series of unforgettable pictures. We share his faith, though we may wonder at the accuracy of some details.

It is the faith that counts. Any careful reading of the words of Jesus makes this clear.

To say that God had deliberately sent the Hebrew people into Egyptian bondage might give cause for controversy. However, out of the crucible of their enslavement there must have come to them a refined sense of the freedom of the human spirit. Since they had been strangers in a foreign land, God expected them to have sympathetic understanding for the stranger in their midst.

To us, who are the Israel of our Lord, God is saying: "The stranger who sojourns with you shall be to you as the native among you, and you shall love him as yourself."

Prayer: O God of freedom and fraternal love, we give thee thanks that thou hast placed us so well. Help us to be diligent in the building of thy kingdom throughout the world. Amen.

—HARRY C. ERNST

I will pay thee my vows, that which my lips uttered . . . when I was in trouble.—Psalm 66:13-14

THERE ARE NO ATHEISTS in foxholes!" When we are in trouble we need no reminder to say our prayers. When our troubles are past we are prone to forget the promises we made in our extremity. Foxhole religion seldom survives the emergency that evoked it. The man whose faith is Christian makes no bargains with God.

Jesus in Gethsemane did not say, "Let this cup pass from me, and I will do thus and thus." He said, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." It is contrary to the essence of Christian faith to suppose that we can earn the favor of God, much less buy it with promises. God is to be loved for himself, not for his gifts. All that we are and have is his. The vows we have made in trouble must be fulfilled, but we cannot possibly promise God anything we do not already owe him. In good or evil fortune the burden of our prayer will be the same: "O God, I fain would be to thy eternal goodness what a man's hand is to a man!"

Prayer: Almighty God our father, giver of every good and perfect gift, help us to love thee as we ought who art thyself the very essence of all good. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—CECIL F. RISTOW

Barnabas takes:

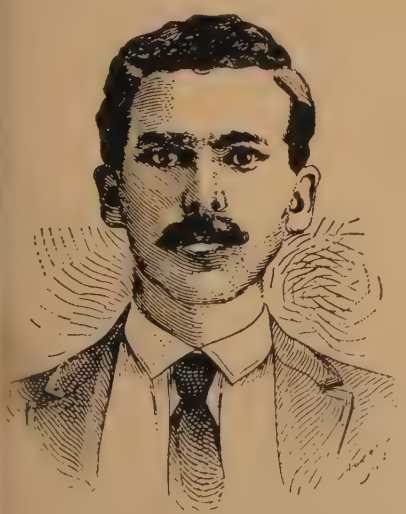
Looks at New Books

Elisabeth Elliot is the widow of an American missionary killed by savage Aucas Indians in Ecuador last year. There are four other widows of the men who died on that jungle beach. Each continues the work of her martyred husband.

Through Gates of Splendor (Harper, $3.75) is Mrs. Elliot's story of one of the boldest and most dramatic missionary exploits in modern times. A capable writer, her authentic story comes from letters, diaries, and reports of her husband and the other four missionaries. A grim, yet inspiring story made all the more real by numerous photographs, including some remarkable ones by both Cornell Capa, veteran *Life* photographer, and one of the missionaries.

John Wesley Hardin was the son of a Methodist minister, but he made Jesse James, Billy the Kid, and the Dalton brothers look like pikers. He probably killed more men in personal combat than anyone in the old West.

The outlaw who brought dishonor to an honored name in Methodism is only now beginning to acquire the ill fame and notoriety he deserves. I first ran across him in a little book published many years ago, now out of print. It is the autobiography of Hardin who, after a bloody career as a Texas gunman, studied law in prison and began to practice when he was released.



John Wesley Hardin
He killed 27 men.

Three of the five jungle martyrs: Ed McCully, Pete Fleming, Jim Elliot.

Hardin's autobiography doesn't tell the complete story. No one had until **Lewis Nordyke,** Texas newspaperman and historian, wrote *John Wesley Hardin, Texas Gunman* (Morrow, $4). But even this excellent new book can't explain all the motives that turned a boy of Hardin's background into a human rattlesnake.

"Even his parents, with their love and hope, persuasion and prayer, had failed to solve the complex puzzle that was their son," Nordyke writes. "He was supposed to have been a preacher. That was the hope of his father, the Reverend James Gipson Hardin, the hour the lad was born on May 26, 1853, at the village of Bonham in Northern Texas. The Hardins already had one son, Joe, who was three years old at the time, but it was the second son on whom the father pinned his ambitions and the name he considered the greatest in Christendom, the name of the founder of Methodism."

One of the father's first assignments as a clergyman was in Dallas. He was the second Methodist minister to preach there and his name was carved in the cornerstone of the First Methodist Church.

John Wesley Hardin was neither a robber nor a sadist. He was a killer, pure and simple. His skill with guns became so well known that he is said to have outbluffed Wild Bill Hickok. After the first killing, Hardin was on a treadmill. One killing led to another.

"After watching John Wesley Hardin shoot down five armed and wildly firing men in about a minute, a cowman on the Chisholm Trail remarked: 'With either hand or both hands at the same time, that boy can handle a pistol

Browsing in Fiction

The Scapegoat, by Daphne du Maurier *(Doubleday, $3.95)*

Here is a novel certainly above the average and easy to read. I had the feeling that the author has spiritual depth and comprehension as well as the ability to make human relations real because of a proper understanding of the balance between great and small events. Life, after all, is not a matter of very many outstanding crises but is primarily a matter of finding the meanings of little events that often appear to be commonplace. I like Miss du Maurier's ability to open the reader's eyes to this part of our life.

If I have a slightly adverse reaction, it is due to a plot that still seems artificial. The whole business hinges on two men who are so much alike that when they exchange identities not even the closest members of the family can tell. Here is a man who has no knowledge of the past of the man whose place he is taking, yet he manages to stumble along without anyone's suspecting that he is the intruder. Isn't that asking us to stretch our credulity a little too far? But if that sort of thing does not bother you, you will find the book most satisfactory. A lonely man finds himself suddenly with a family and family responsibilities, while the family man, tired of all the obligations, finds himself free. In the end they discover there are vast advantages and disadvantages to both states. I confess, however, that I kept expecting something greater to happen than ever came off.

Twilight for the Gods, by Ernest Gann *(Sloane, $3.95)*

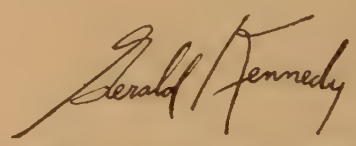
I read this shortly after going through a new biography of Joseph Conrad. It was a good book to read in that context because it has something of the Conrad touch and genius in dealing with the sea. Here is a sea captain who owns nothing but an old, broken-down sailing vessel which he is sailing toward South America with an interesting group of passengers. Most of them are what we might call off-beat persons; two refugees, a missionary, a tropical trader, and a woman who has belonged to the oldest profession in the world. When the ship springs a leak and just makes it to Honolulu, it means the end of a slightly tarnished and yet tender love affair. Not many of these people are what you would call moral, but there is a vast amount of morality being taught in the story. Only one of them is what you would call a religious person, but I think there is a great deal of religion underlying the whole affair. It has the unmistakable mark of a real storyteller who has something to say.

Berlin, by Theodor Pliever *(Doubleday, $4.50)*

The first time I went to Berlin was in 1950—and I shall never forget my first sight of the city from the air. It looked like one of the ruins being dug up by archaeologists. I remember wondering what life must have been like during the destruction of the city and what went on during the closing days of Hitler's regime. Here is the answer, according to one man who seems to know what he is talking about. It is a large book and its impact is due to the atmosphere of utter ruin which pervades it. Nobody seems to know what is happening and the pathetic attempt of a few people to give orders and of others to follow them only reveals how people continue to go through automatic motions when they no longer mean anything. This is the kind of book which creates an atmosphere into which the reader has to plunge. You finish reading it with an overwhelming feeling of having lived through a disaster.

Onionhead, by Weldon Hill *(David McKay Co., $3.95)*

I mention this book only as one would wave a red flag, warning passers-by to stay away from an explosion. It has all the vices, and none of the virtues, of our contemporary novels. It is supposed to reflect life in the Coast Guard during the war and it could have been a good book. When I think of that, I want to weep. If you must waste your time, turn to the comic section of the newspaper.



BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

faster than a frog can lick flies.'" By the time he was 18 he had killed at least 27 men.

After his release from prison he went straight for a while, then began to resume old habits. Fate caught up with him one night in El Paso. "Wes strolled into the Acme, which happened to have only a handful of customers that night. He drank lightly and tried his hand at a few games. He was in good humor . . . Wes stood with his back to the front door which, for a man of his repute in El Paso, was about the equivalent of suicide.

"A few minutes later, old John Selman appeared in the saloon door. He took careful aim and shot Wes in the head. He kept shooting. Wes crumpled to the floor dead."

Nordyke is to be congratulated for a fine job of research and writing. If fault is to be found it is an apparent inclination to glamorize a murderer, to explain away the conscienceless character of a man who made a career of murder. At the same time, the life of John Wesley Hardin is a sermon of sorts—a grim reminder of an old truth: the wages of sin is death.

When the Chinese Reds invaded Tibet they captured a young Englishman named **Robert Ford,** accused him of spying, and began a months-long ordeal of brainwashing to make him confess. Ford wasn't a spy but eventually he did confess. Few men can withstand such torment for long.

"This was the time (1951) when hundreds of so-called enemies of the people were executed before the eyes of fanatical mobs," Ford writes in *Wind Between the Worlds* (McKay, $4).

"Your turn will come if you go on like this," Ford was told by the Reds.

From The Rainbow Book of Nature *by Donald Culross Peattie.*

our white skin won't save you now." very time the warden jangled keys side his cell Ford wondered if his c had come. "When they inter- ated me they did not shine bright ts in my eyes, but I always had to d, sometimes for two or three hours time. If I relaxed and moved my apart I was ordered to stand to at- tion. They did not deprive me of p, but sometimes I was questioned il far into the night. I was not ved, but often I was summoned just re the evening meal, when I could ll the rice coming up, so that when ent back it was cold and nauseating. I thought I would go mad, like the n in the cell opposite, and when I s alone I tried to force my thoughts ay from myself. I tried daydreaming, l imagined I could smell the country- at home; and that made it worse. I died the spiders and watched them h flies. Try, try again—that was at they were doing, they were the ders and I was the fly . . . and every rning when I woke I wondered if was the day when I would be shot." Robert Ford has probably seen more Tibet than other Westerners and ch of this book is the story of that tic country. Of more significance to perhaps, is the glimpse Ford gives into the minds of the Chinese Reds. mpared to many of them, apparently, n Wesley Hardin (see cut) must ve been a saint.

Manuel and Odette Komroff have mpiled a *Bible Dictionary for Boys d Girls* (Winston, $2.95) intended to e youngsters a great deal more un- standing of the Sunday-school lesson. ny children learn Biblical names and ces by rote and sometimes come up th weird results. This bright, illus- ted dictionary is a must if you want start your boy or girl off with a good, ndamental understanding of the le.

Just as the price of a worth-while ok goes up, it also may go down. his is made possible, of course, by paperback—boon to the traveler, mmuter, student, the broke. More d more good books are going paper- ck and, it seems, are beginning to oulder the lurid and sexy little vol- es off the shelves.

Two good examples worth anybody's cents have come across my desk this onth. Both are Mentor books. The st, *The Anvil of Civilization* by **eonard Cottrell,** is the most read- le and easily assimilated book on chaeological history I've spotted tely. It's illustrated with photographs d maps, follows the history of man from earliest Egyptians through Hit- tites, Sumerians, Assyrians, Babylo- nians, Greeks, and Jews. One thing, if nothing else: you'll get more from your Bible reading with the background Cot- trell provides.

New World Writing, the other book, is as modern as Cottrell's is ancient. Here's a collection of short stories, sketches, poems, and plays from writers throughout the world. Whatever your taste, there's something here for you.

I'd like to share a bit of writing from one of the short stories, *The Funeral of Summer* by **Peter H. Matson,** about the finest description of a season's end I've read:

"They were in the last endless blue days of August. Sky-blue days that ran on and on right into next year. Great hot silent days, days filled with green, the heavy smell of pine and the beach, sand, the drying salt on your face. Al- ready when the sun went down you could feel the slight coolness of Sep- tember just around the corner—next week. September nights are cool, and they have a sharpness about them that brings a slight tingling touch to the cheek; things left undone, the fall mi- gration. . . In the pond the water seemed like it had been used before, used bathtub water; and long ago the beach driftwood had been gathered and had disappeared in the yearning, rest- less night, offered up to youth with the ends of a song that just couldn't be sung again, not till next summer. . ."

I first met **Donald Culross Peattie** in a little volume titled *A Book of Hours,* if I remember correctly, and I've been a Peattie fan ever since. That was about 15 years ago, but I've lost that prized book and can't find a copy any- where.

Peattie, whose articles appear fre- quently in Together (see *Sinless and Godless* in this issue) has written some of the finest nature prose I've ever read. Now comes a long-awaited book: *The Rainbow Book of Nature* (World Pub- lishing Co., $4.95)—a book for boys and girls. It is a big book, made doubly attractive by the remarkable nature drawings of Rudolf Freund, which ap- pear on almost every page.

There are about 1 million species of known living things, Peattie points out, and naturalists are still counting. "No wonder that the science of natural his- tory is carried on by specialists," Peattie writes. "The older such a scientist grows, the more he knows about less and less. But you and I are free as the morning to learn only for fun. And learning is a gate that swings wide open, into the out-of-doors, where you will find yourself happy and at home in Nature for all your life long."

Not since my boyhood days with the works of Richard Halliburton have I enjoyed a travel-adventure book the likes of *20,000 Miles South* by **Helen and Frank Schreider** (Doubleday, $3.95). The Schreiders were the first to travel from Arctic Circle to the south- ernmost tip of South America in a wheeled vehicle under its own power. The vehicle was an amphibious jeep, smaller and less seaworthy than the motorized "ducks" of World War II.

It was the kind of stunt Halliburton would have attempted had he not lost his life attempting to cross the

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Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1957.

No entries will be returned. Decision of the judges will be final. All entries become the property of the Maico Co. If the person whose name you submit with your entry is no hard-of-hearing, your entry will be disqualified. No correspondence regarding the contest will be entered into. Contest is not open to employees of the Maico Co., its dealers, distributors, stockholders or its advertising agency. Contest is subject to local, state and Federal regulations and open to all residents of U.S. and Canada.

Name and address of entrant, plus name and address of hard-of-hearing nominee must be clearly printed on entry.

Winners will be notified by September 10, 1957. Winners will be posted in offices of Maico dealers.

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Address of above_____

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(Please print. Use separate sheet for additional names)

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cific in a Chinese junk. The Schreid-s reached their goal after braving rricanes, hacking their way with achetes through steaming jungles, d crossing almost impassable moun-n barriers. Many drawings and otographs by the young husband-fe team illuminate this fascinating w book.

One more travel book, please. Here's man who rode a bicycle through dia. He's **Harold Elvin** and the ok is *The Ride to Chandigarh* (Mac-

Harold Elvin
A bicycle-riding Briton abroad.

illan, $4.75). Elvin is the Englishman ho also pedaled from London to onstantinople and back, via Spain; to eningrad; through Scandinavia, and 000 icy miles within the Arctic Circle. ot only can Elvin ride a bicycle, he can rite. His prose is lean, to the point, aking this one vivid and easy to read.

Each morning I walk through Chi-go's busy Loop, skirting a human ngle known as skid row. On this reet of forgotten men, a Methodist inister named **Frank O. Beck** orked for many years. Now in retire-ent at Bloomington, Ind., Brother eck is the author of *Hobohemia* (Rich-d Smith, $2.50)—not exactly a new ook, but still available. Seldom has a author written so sympathetically nd so intimately of the down-and-uters who fall along life's wayside.

"I came early to feel that my life ould have been definitely impover-hed had I not walked with these avelers on the low road," Beck writes. I have seen much of the world of hysical beauty . . . I have watched the loud lift from the peak of the Matter-orn. But rather would I have by-assed all of these than to have missed the wonders, the beauties and degradations of human nature."

Men who don't work, who won't work, make up most of the inhabitants of a city's slums. In this backwash, Beck points out, "are underworld men of every known description: drunkards, gamblers, dope fiends, grafters, derelicts, criminals, panhandlers, jack rollers, sex perverts, paupers, con men, beggars, butt-ends of humanity—actors whose world has gone by."

I have seen them, too, these men Beck sought to help—unkempt, bewhiskered, ragged, slouched, whining, feet shambling, faces battered, eyes shifty, abandoned, forgotten, and lost. Frank Beck gave much to them and to the cause of Christ. For the Christian, this book is a challenging picture of life's other side.

Seldom does the author of a first book break into the big time or hit the best-seller list. Most writers never make the list at all. But Doubleday announced recently that for 40 first novels it has published in the last five years, the average sale was 4,654 copies—which is considered pretty good, even during a book-publishing boom.

I haven't heard a good, convincing ghost story in years. The spirits seem to have fled from what few haunted houses there once were. The light of knowledge keeps prying into more and more places. But there are still a few things that can't be explained, even though most are natural phenomena and aren't associated with the supernatural at all. Two enterprising French journalists embarked recently on the trail of these mysteries and came up with *The Last Secrets of the Earth* (Putnam, $3.50). Briefly, they discuss flying saucers, the depths of the sea, the earth's volcanic fires, the great Antarctic region, the Abominable Snowman of Mount Everest, and a fish recently caught that was supposed to be extinct at the time of Adam.

The authors, **Bernard Busson** and **Gerard Leroy,** somehow fail to prove or disprove anything in this rather thin rehash of previously published material. The book impresses me as lacking thoroughness, although it is light and entertaining.

The mysteries involving man will be around long after the last secrets of earth have been ferreted out. **Dr. Harry B. Wright,** adventurer and explorer, has roamed the earth to observe witch doctors in action. What he, a qualified medical man, has seen can be explained only partially.

He saw a witch doctor cure a toothache with mumbo jumbo. He saw a woman witch doctor as she pointed to a young criminal and declared: "In three days you will die!"

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Capitol Card Co., Inc., New Orleans 12, La.
Columbia Card Co., Ltd., Dallas, Texas
Harry Doehla Company, Nashua, N. H. & Palo Alto, Calif.
Greetings Unlimited, St. Paul & Minneapolis, Minn.
Hye-Quality Card Co., Inc., Kansas City 6, Mo.
Imperial Greeting Card Co., Los Angeles 12, Calif.
The Keelin Press, Atlanta 3, Ga.
Midwest Card Co., St. Louis 1, Mo.
Western States Card Co., Denver 4, Colo.
Widener Greetings Co., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Then, the author continues in h book, *Witness to Witchcraft* (Fun and Wagnalls, $3.95) "she took a gour of water from the river and sprinkle the water and pinches of some kin of red powder around the hut, wher the boy stood cowering. He made n effort to resist her, or to escape. Late she spoke to the villagers, repeating he announcement, which was virtually sentence. No one touched the boy Three days later he was dead."

Again, he writes, the witch docto told him she had passed what amounte to a death sentence on a rival witch doc tor and a village thief.

". . . the following morning, true t Lusungu's prophecy, the witch docto and the thief died."

Many other amazing things are de scribed by the writer, who does not in sist, however, that witch doctors pos sess supernatural powers. They are essentially, showmen, hypnotists, an master psychologists. Their knowledg of human nature is as old as time an as new as modern psychology, which

BEST SELLERS

North, South, East, West

The best sellers selected here are taken from a poll of Cokesbury Book Stores in six major cities. Mention does not necessarily imply recommendation.

Fiction

Till We Have Faces, by **C. S. Lewis** (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $4.50).

The Scapegoat, by **Daphne du Maurier** (Doubleday, $3.95).

Compulsion, by **Meyer Levin** (Simon & Schuster, $5).

The Wapshot Chronicle, by **John Cheever** (Harper, $3.50).

Blue Camellia, by **Frances Parkinson Keyes** (Messner, $3.95).

And Walk in Love, by **Henrietta Buckmaster** (Random House, $3.95).

Nonfiction

Stay Alive All Your Life, by **Norman Vincent Peale** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95).

The Organization Man, by **William A. Whyte, Jr.** (Simon & Schuster, $5).

The Bible as History, by **Werner Keller** (Morrow, $5.95).

Profiles in Courage, by **John F. Kennedy** (Harper, $3.50).

The FBI Story, by **Don Whitehead** (Random House, $4.95).

Day of Infamy, by **Walter Lord** (Henry Holt & Co., $3.95).

some of the tricks known by primitive men for thousands of years.

Maybe you've heard: This year is the 250th anniversary of the birth of that great hymn-writing Methodist, Charles Wesley. And in connection with the celebrating, **Bishop Roy Short** of Tennessee has written *My Great Redeemer's Praise* to present the basic messages of Charles Wesley's hymns.

"The Wesleyan Revival itself is now some 200 years in the past, but it has not yet spent its force," Short points out, adding that "so much of what was a part of the original Wesleyan Revival is now gone."

One thing, however, remains "which was a part of the original Wesleyan Revival and which is yet a vital part of the life of the world. That is the Wesley hymns . . . Charles Wesley put into unforgettable song, not only what he and his brother John and their fellow preachers preached, but also what Methodists most assuredly believed."

The booklet is published through Tidings, headquarters for evangelistic materials, 1908 Grand Ave., Nashville 5, Tenn. It sells for 15 cents a copy, 12 copies for $1.

With bright, burning July upon the land, try the opening paragraphs of *Men Against the Arctic* by **Kurt Lutgen** (Pantheon, $3.50) as a refresher. It received an award as the best book for young people published in Germany last year, is now on sale in this country.

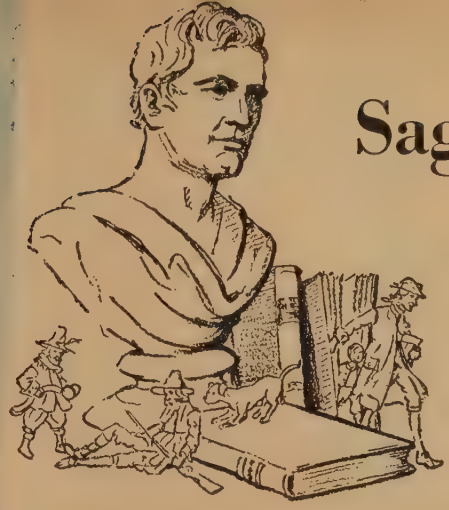
"That year the winter came too soon . . . it suddenly descended with full force and at one fell swoop over the whole of Alaska in the first week of September (1893).

"It began with an icy storm from the north which swept over the country all of a sudden one night after a warm, summery, windless day. To the accompaniment of flaming northern lights, it turned into a hurricane within a few hours, sending a wave of frost as thick and clear as liquid glass over mountain and plain. . . Every living thing went stiff under the pitiless grip of the cold, and everything which was not choked on the spot was left limp and lifeless when the storm subsided.

"And then came the snow . . ."

Caught in the wintry blast were 275 men of a whaling fleet at Point Barrow. The cutter, *Bear,* sent as a rescue ship by the U.S. government, soon became imprisoned by ice in the Bering Sea. Then begins the dramatic story, based on fact, of how two men trekked through an icy waste in search of reindeer herds which alone could feed the 275 men through the winter. Outstanding semifiction, as well as a fine study of character and motivation.

—Barnabas



Sages, Spies and Scribes

WOODROW WILSON, *by Silas Bent McKinley* (*Praeger, $4.50*). A well-rounded, candid portrait of our World War I president. The author is sympathetic but does not avoid criticism when due. Wilson was an intellectual who liked to dance, sing, crack jokes, and recite limericks. He had wisdom and intelligence, but was an egotist who insisted that all things be done his way.

WASHINGTON IRVING, by *Catherine O. Peare* (*Henry Holt, $2.25*). This one made me want to run back and read *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *Rip Van Winkle* again. These delightful stories sometimes cause us to overlook Irving's more monumental works—his great biographies of Christopher Columbus and George Washington, for example.

JOHN MUIR, by *Charles Norman* (*Messner, $2.95*). Muir was a world-famous naturalist, geologist, writer, and explorer who fought to preserve the nation's natural resources and scenic attractions. Through his writings and influence he worked for the establishment of such great national parks as Yosemite, Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, and Mount Rainier.

BEN BUTLER, by *Hans Louis Trefousse* (*Twayne, $5*). If they'd taken an unpopularity poll in the South after the Civil War, no doubt this Major General of U.S. Volunteers would have topped Sherman. Butler was a tricky politician, crafty criminal lawyer, inveterate switcher of political parties. He once ruled captured New Orleans—and ended his military life fired by Grant for incompetence. Now, out of obscurity, he's the subject of a biography which assays both good and bad of the man.

THE LABYRINTH, by *Walter Schellenberg* (*Harper, $4.95*). The author was Hitler's Secret Service chief in World War II. The spy stories he tells in this extraordinary book of memoirs make TV cloak-and-dagger stuff pale in comparison. Here are close-ups of such Nazi leaders as Hitler, Himmler, Ribbentrop, Goering, and Heydrich by one who knew them intimately. Schellenberg, tried as a war criminal, received one of the lightest sentences.

GLAD ADVENTURE, by *Francis B. Sayre* (*Macmillan, $6*). Sayre, the son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson, has had a distinguished career in government and law, has traveled the globe as statesman and diplomat.

JOSEPH PULITZER, by *Iris Noble* (*Messner, $2.95*). Of special interest to teen-agers who contemplate careers in journalism. Pulitzer, the immigrant boy who became one of the world's publishing giants, pioneered many of the patterns that made American journalism unique.

Billy and

THE SUN had just popped out behind the trees when Billy crept out of his little green tent. Mother and Daddy were still asleep in another tent a few feet away. Billy's family was having a wonderful vacation in Tennessee's Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Billy quickly looked around. The park is famous for wild bears and he was just a little bit afraid. Then he remembered what Daddy had said:

"If you leave the bears alone, they'll leave you alone. But you mustn't *ever* try to feed the bears!"

Billy had discovered that the bears got plenty of food by themselves. Every day the last week he had watched the furry fellows amble out of the woods onto the campgrounds.

He had smiled when they poked their mouths into the trash cans. One time he laughed out loud when a baby bear fell headfirst in the garbage can.

The most exciting bear of all came each morning about eight o'clock. She was a mother bear with five round, shy cubs. One of the men who ran the park—they were called park rangers—said that hardly anyone had ever seen a bear with five cubs. He said it was an unusual sight.

Now as Billy stood by his tent, he couldn't see either bears or people. It must be too early.

"If I play, I'll wake everyone up," he thought. "Guess I'll go to the edge of the woods and get some firewood for Daddy," he decided.

So off he went. It had rained the night before and it was hard to find dry wood. He wandered farther into the woods.

He saw the beautiful white flowers. He listened to the birds sing, "Good morning!" And here and there among the black and white toadstools, he found pieces of dry wood.

Before long his arms were heaped high. He whistled a tune as he started back toward the camp. But he didn't notice the root of the dead chestnut tree that stuck up in the path.

Suddenly he was sprawled on the ground. There was wood all around him. And a sharp pain cut into his ankle.

He tried to stand up, but he fell again.

the Bears

By SHIRLEY SLOAN FADER

He sat in the middle of the th, trying to remember the ortest way back to the camp. t his ankle hurt even more nen he thought so hard. He had ken so many paths.

Then he got so confused he uldn't remember any way back camp at all!

Billy was lost. He was frightened, for he knew that besides ars, there were foxes, and even bcats, in the forest!

A branch snapped behind him. whirled around. Just a chipunk!

The grass in front of him oved. He jumped. Just the nd! Then he buried his head his blue jeans.

"Oh," he moaned. "I just *can't* ay here. I have to get back. t my ankle hurts, so I can't aste any steps looking. I have start out the right way."

Then a low growl sounded benind him. Billy screeched and unced into the air.

Staring at him were the other bear and her five cubs! Mother bear stepped closer. he circled around, sniffing at lly. He could hardly breathe. e just sat there quivering in e middle of the path, staring ck at the bear.

Soon mother bear's eyes grew fter. She had finished with her spection. Quickly she turned, cked a path and nudged her bs. They started slowly away.

Billy heaved a big sigh. A mine later he realized that he was ngry. Then an idea struck him.

Maybe the bears were hungry too. Maybe they were on their way to the campgrounds to raid the garbage cans.

"It must be about eight o'clock," he decided as he glanced at the sun's position in the sky.

Quickly pulling himself to his feet, he followed the bear family. Mother bear snapped her head around.

But when she saw Billy, her eyes softened. Billy imagined they seemed to say, "Don't be afraid. I'll show you the way."

So five little cubs and one little boy followed after mother bear as she moved down the path.

The bears went slowly, stopping to turn over rotten logs, to look for fat bugs to eat, or to sniff the air for honey. Even with his sore ankle, Billy kept up.

Before long they came to the top of a hill. Billy had been right. This was his camp. He could see the tents below. Some people were talking together. They seemed to be worried.

As the strange parade came closer to the camp, Billy's father saw him. He ran and picked him up.

"I was lost," Billy explained. "Mother bear brought me home!"

Then he laughed and said, "The ranger told us a bear taking care of *five* cubs was an unusual sight. But wait till I tell him about a bear taking care of five cubs and a *boy*.

"I'm sure that's a *really* unusual sight."

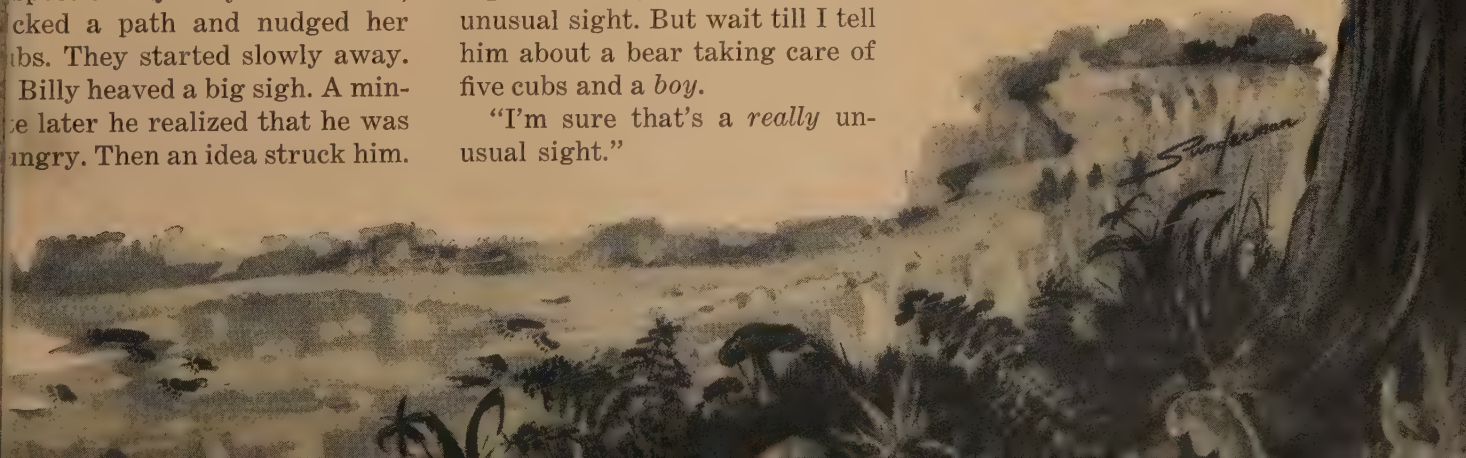
Tick Tock Talks

Each child should be
Upright and square,
And never do
An act unfair.
For as you go
Through life you'll find,
It never pays
To be unkind.

—*THOMAS F. DILLABOUGH*

PRAYER

For every bright
vacation day,
For things to do,
and friends at play;
For grass and trees
and lakes so blue,
For fields of grain,
and mountains, too;
We thank thee,
heavenly Father.



LETTERS continued from pg. 6

through grateful eyes your reprint of the dearly beloved, *What is a Girl?* and *What is a Boy?* My eye fell next on your reprint of William Allen White's *Mary White*. From there I turned to the first page—and read through the entire issue.

Bless you for your dearly loved magazine. I honestly feel that your editors and staff have an unseen, but very present, very real Co-editor working with you. Sometimes religious reading is a little like unsalted, cooked turnips —good for the soul, maybe, but flavorless and hard to find appetizing. TOGETHER challenges, enlightens, provokes thinking, and is eagerly awaited in every home. . . .

See: Matthew, Chapter 27

MISS MARGIE REYNOLDS
Fairborn, Ohio

In reading the Rev. Charles A. McPheeters' poem, *I Was There* [April, page 28], I recalled the scripture of Matthew, Chapter 27, "As they were marching out, they came upon a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; this man they compelled to carry His cross."

This article was beautifully composed with an inspiring enlightenment to the words of our Bible. It also brought out a dramatic portrayal of Simon's personal thoughts and feelings as he, too, trudged along the road that led to Golgotha. It made me feel that I would have been proud to be the recipient of His words, "Thanks! My brother!"

The Tenth Decade

HONORABLE JAMES R. SHARP
Arcadia, Calif.

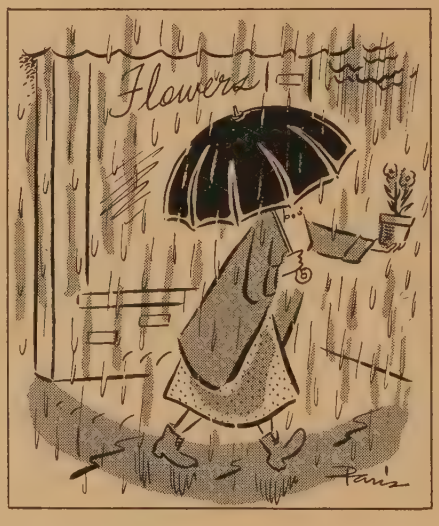
As one who is traveling down that tenth decade toward the century mark . . . trying to be happy when God calls, I read with great interest *Why No More Shouting Methodists?* [June, page 28.] I owe my happy and contented life, and, may I add, Christian life, to my mother and the old-fashioned circuit rider. The old Mt. Carmel Church was my place of worship until I entered Missouri University. The pastor of Mt. Carmel resided in a nearby town. He preached at Mt. Carmel two Sundays each month. He rode horseback to our home on Saturday evening, stayed overnight, preached Sunday morning, had dinner with some member of the church, back to our home after the evening service, and on Monday morning returned to his home. He often talked to me, telling me about Christianity, and why I should be one. I was a good listener and those chats guided my future life. So, I say, God bless the old circuit rider. I have unsaddled and saddled the minister's horse many and many a time.

Septuagenarian Pen Pals?

MRS. MILDRED CUTRIGHT
Huntington Park, Calif.

Under *Name Your Hobby* how about having another Pen Pals heading thus: "For Sunny Seventies or Older"?

I believe there are elderly people who are lonely—possibly their children are gone or they are not wanted. I have seen some who looked like interesting people, just sitting and waiting.



What Religion Means to Carole

A. B. ROGERS, *Pastor*
Memphis, Tenn.

Carole Rodgers, the little seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Rodgers, 2474 Autumn, of our city, while recovering from illness, was looking through TOGETHER. She saw *What My Religion Means to Me*. Carole has expressed below just what her religion means to her. These are the words of a little girl reared in a Christian home:

"My religion is important to me. I look forward to going to church on Sunday. I love to hear the sermon. I love to go to my grandmother's house. I love the whole world God gave to us. I love every season of the year. I love God and Jesus that gave spring and summer and fall and winter to us. I enjoy every moment of my life that was given to me. I think the whole world is beautiful, don't you?"

California Can't Claim This!

MRS. LEWIS H. EVANS, JR.
Wichita Falls, Tex.

In *They Started Sunrise Servic* [April, page 23], Vincent Edwar states that the first Easter-sunrise servi in America was held in California 1909.

I do not know when the first servi was held, but in 1772 the Moravians Salem, now part of Winston-Sale N.C., held the first of 185 continuo Easter-sunrise services.

Mrs. Evans enclosed a program of recent service which noted that th Moravians started Easter-morning rit in 1732 at Herrnhut in southern Sa ony. Incidentally, John Wesley, found of Methodism, spent the summer 1738 there with Count Zinzendor Moravian leader, and was greatly i fluenced by the experience.—EDS.

'World-minded Approach'

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Torrance, Calif.

As a member of another denomina tion I do not often get a chance to rea TOGETHER, but periodically someon leaves a copy in the lounge where work and everyone reads this fascina ing little magazine with great interes

You are to be congratulated on Chie Justice Warren's vital and challengin story of his trip to India [April, pag 10] and for Roy L. Smith's *God Is Im partial* [April, page 47].

We like the broad, world-minded ap proach of TOGETHER and its emphasi on brotherhood and the UN. But w also appreciate the fact that TOGETHE is uncompromisingly and unashamedl Christian. . . .

As Parents, So Children

BENJAMIN L. GAUL, *Pastor*
Garrison, Iowa

June Johnson's *Bending the Sapling* [March, page 11] packs a powerfu wallop. She has diagnosed the contem porary situation with keen insight Many parents wonder why youth goes wrong. The fault frequently lies with the parents.

Parents should examine their be havior to see if they are violating Chris tian principles. If they are, they cannot expect their children to observe them Children do not grasp that to which their parents give lip service, but rathe that to which they give heart service.

roud to know you!" *Layman W. Lance greets Rev. Bruce and family, arriving in Perryton. E. W. Thomas looks on.*

Texas Town Gets a Pastor

T'S MONDAY MORNING, May 27, 1957. The Rev. uane Bruce looks out the window of his Phillips, Tex., rsonage.

Suppose that's a tornado? he wonders, eying a tower- g stack of dark clouds. *Just last week . . .*

The telephone jangles.

"Hello, Duane. This is Hubert Bratcher in Amarillo."

"Good to hear from you, Brother Hubert. I thought you district superintendents were meeting with the shop today."

"We have been since Friday morning, Duane. The ap- intments are shaping up. As a matter of fact, that's hy I'm calling. We're considering you for a new church er in Perryton. It. . . ."

Well, here we go again, Rev. Bruce said to himself. *t's see—the sixth move in 15 years. Wonder if Gladys saved all of those packing boxes from last time?*

He listened to his superintendent, then replied:

"It's going to be hard to leave here, Brother Hubert. But if you need us, of course we'll go."

Telephones were ringing in other Methodist parsonages across the USA. For spring is the time when most of the nation's 100 annual conferences hold their annual meetings. Each is presided over by one of the 37 bishops serving the continental United States.

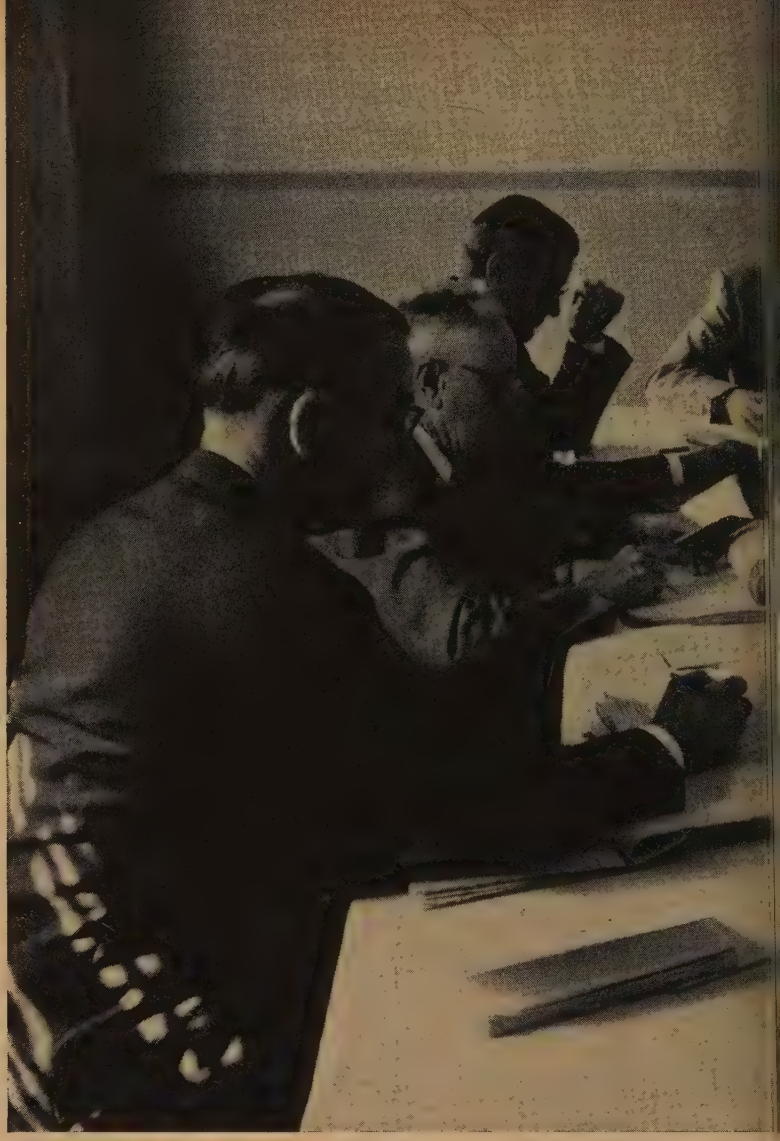
These pages show what happened at the Northwest Texas Annual Conference meeting in Amarillo. Equally important, they reveal the experience shared by every Methodist pastor. For a minister's life turns on the challenge: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men. . . ."

—*Photographs and text by* CHARLES W. KEYSOR

From oil to wheat. *Perryton, new church of Rev. Bruce, is ringed by wheat fields. He came from Phillips, a refinery town.*

Texas Town Gets a Pastor

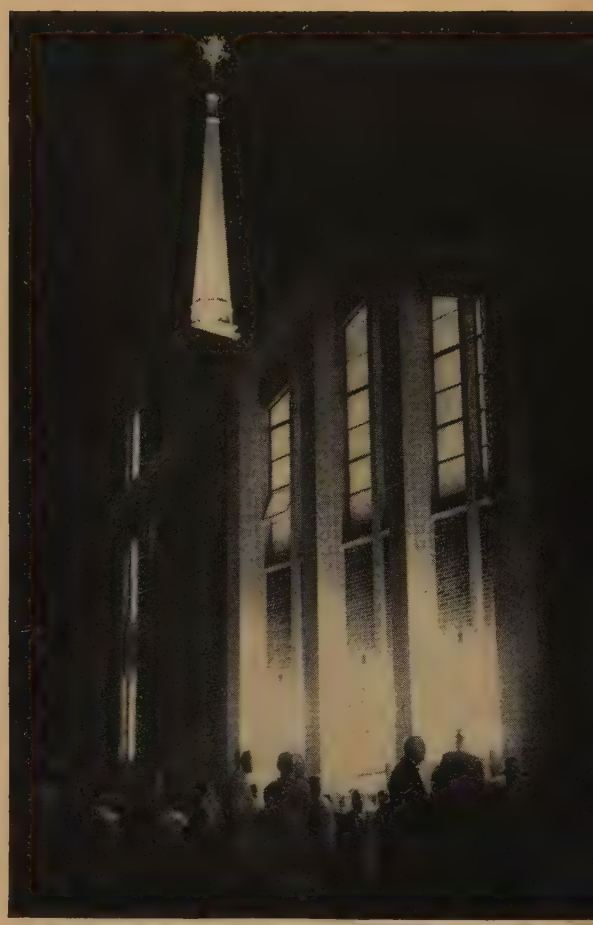
"Here we go again," *Rev. Bruce tells his family after first news of the move to Perryton. Danny, 12, wondered about baseball in the new town; Sharamine, nine, asked to take her pet rabbit.*



Preacher moving *occupies Bishop William C. Martin* *of table) and six of his nine district superintendents. All 10* *over 30 hours studying the needs and problems of each c*

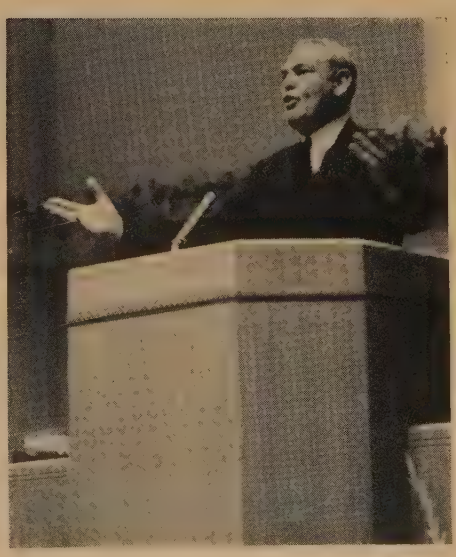
Four-way switch *finds Rev. Bruce (open coat) talking moving problems with fellow pastors D. R. Davidson, Levelland, A. B. Cockrell, Perryton, and N. S. Daniel, Andrews. Each man moved into a church one of the others had served.*

iewing the records of the conference's 281 preachers. God's help try to match them up," said the bishop. s ran into the early hours on four consecutive days.



Communion night *was a high light of the opening conference session. The host was San Jacinto, second largest of six Methodist churches in Amarillo and vicinity.*

astors powwow *with District Superintendent Bratcher, left, about ew appointments being arranged by the bishop and cabinet. ev. Bruce, center, listens to Rev. John Rakestraw, Plainview, right.*



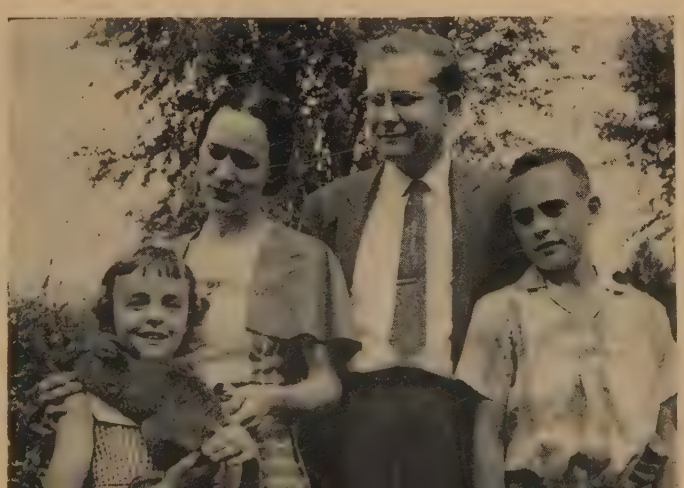
Bishop's challenge. *In first sermon, Bishop Martin asks churches to keep touch with Methodists moving into other areas.*

". . . Behold these *thy servants . . . So replenish them with the truth of thy doctrine . . . that by both word and good example they may faithfully serve thee. . . ." As their wives watch, deacons are ordained by Bishop Martin with the traditional "laying on of hands." This begins two-year "on trial" period after which men will become elders—full ministers.*

Moment of Prayer. *Rev. Bruce prays for the new deacons. The moment recalled his own ordination in 1942 and underscored the challenge of Christian service awaiting his family in the new church at Perryton.*

ow the news! *Bishop Martin reads the official list of appointments n the closing session of the conference. Some fts were made at the last inute but most pastors, like Rev. Bruce, knew orehand about their new church assignments.*

inisters at last! *Life's ambition is achieved as these men e voted into the status of elders in the Northwest Texas nference. "On trial" deacons in the front row watch admiringly, thinking of the meeting in 1959 when their great moment will arrive. Just before, the men standing had been asked questions framed by John Wesley, Methodism's founder.*



At home in Perryton, *Bruce family unpacks and relaxes a bit in back yard. "It's always hard to say good-by," Mrs. Bruce said. "But every move has brought us new fellowship, for which we thank the Lord with all our hearts."*

NEWS of the world parish

CONFERENCES BACK VOLUNTARY INTEGRATION

Methodist conferences throughout the nation are voting for the church's plan for voluntary desegregation and, perhaps, eventual abolition of the Central Jurisdiction. That jurisdiction comprises all Negro annual conferences, mission conferences, and missions in the U.S.

Annual-conference reports show the plan is meeting only scattered opposition. The Minneapolis General Conference (1956) adopted it as an amendment to the Methodist Constitution.

To date, 34 conferences have approved the amendment. Two—North Mississippi and Alabama-West Florida—have rejected it.

Conferences also are giving near-unanimous support to amendments which will boost lay membership of annual conferences and increase the total delegates to the General Conference, the church's top lawmaking body, from 800 to 900.

Conferences voting in favor of the desegregation amendment are: Nebraska, Texas, Little Rock, Florida, Kansas, Missouri, South Georgia, New Hampshire, New England, Northern New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Peninsula, Idaho, North Texas, St. Louis, Central New York, Maine, Rio Grande, Wyoming, Southwest Texas, Southwest Missouri, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Louisiana, Northwest Texas, Detroit, Holston, Newark, New York, New York East, Troy, Baltimore, and Lexington (Central Jurisdiction). Seventeen conferences favored the amendment with no opposition.

The amendment speeds up machinery for transferring Negro churches to white annual conferences, and Negro annual conferences to white jurisdictions. It also provides for the transfer of Negro bishops. To be effective, the measure must now be approved by a two-thirds majority of all the members of annual conferences present and voting. It becomes effective with an announcement from the Council of Bishops, following a vote canvass.

Strongest opposition developed in the South. Memphis passed the measure, 151-37, after debate. Lay member T. R. Lasley, Jackson, Tenn., real-estate agent, charged the "Northern branch of the church has control of church publications and is trying to lift the Negro up socially. Nothing is said about their moral condition. They want to put the Negro on the same economic and social level with you."

The Rev. J. C. Hume, ministerial member, said he saw no reason for opposition to the measure "unless we are letting our prejudices show. If our Northern brothers can work in harmony with people, why can't we?"

Alabama-West Florida rejected the amendment, 266-178. Circuit Judge L. S. Moore told colleagues that if the amendment were adopted, "half of the next General Conference will be made up of Negroes."

Some Southerners took the middle ground. Ben Oliphint, chairman of the Louisiana Conference Board of Social and Economic Relations, said:

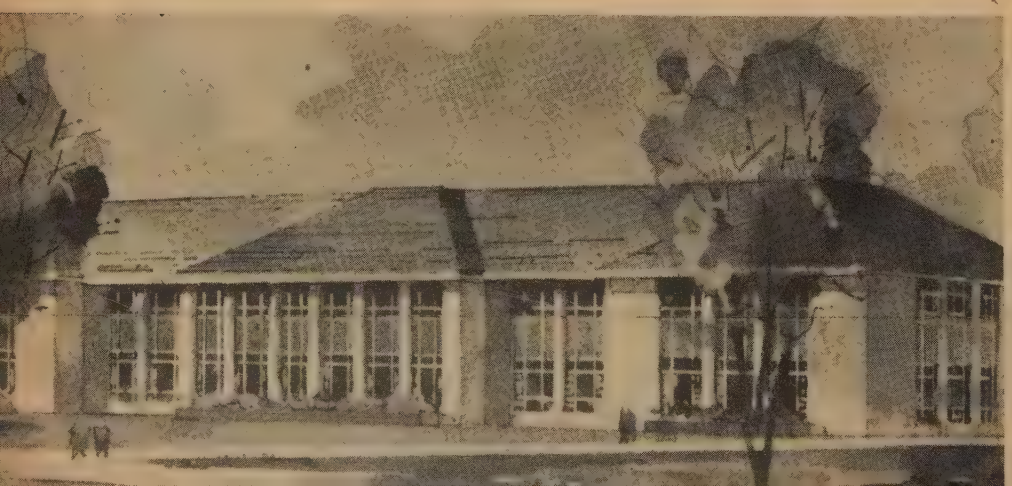
"It may be reasonably simple for churches in some sections of the cou try to integrate, if they desire. It w likely be many years before such acti is desirable in other sections, may never. Perhaps the action is the near thing to a 'status quo' and a courageo stand as any one action could possibl be. I believe regardless how you f about segregation that this action one which is Christian and practicall one you can support without selli any conviction short." His opinions a peared in *The Louisiana Methodist.*

South Georgia Methodists conced the right of others to deal with t problem in their own way, but claim the right to choose their own cours "Should coercion be applied," the co ference said in a resolution, "we wou be compelled . . . to offer our mo vigorous protest." They adopted t amendment, 232-132.

Troy Conference recommended ab lition of the entire jurisdictional sy tem, and condemned the church's l on the race issue as "indefensible." urged churches to practice what th preach about brotherhood and mo toward integration as fast as possible

In Wisconsin, the conference unan mously approved the measure and i vited three Negro churches to join when the new procedure becomes e fective.

One question spotlighted by the Le



Breaking ground in Washington, D.C., for Methodism's new School of International Service (left) are President Hurst Anderson; Robert V. Fletcher, American University board chairman; Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam; President Dwight Eisenhower.

See story next page.

San Francisco Area
Bishop Donald H. Tippett
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

California–Nevada
Pacific
Japanese

NEWS of Your Church in Action
Editor: Winston H. Taylor
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

Oppose Capital Punishment, H-Bomb Tests

Spurred by news that California-Nevada Conference continues to set records in most phases of activity, members attending the annual conference, June 11-16 at Stockton, implemented steps toward further progress.

Memberships in conference churches reached a new high of 109,885, but the net increase of 4,099 (3.87 per cent) was the smallest rate of increase in several years.

Bishop Tippett stressed: "We must run terribly fast to stay where we are; to get where we ought to be, we'll have to run twice as fast."

Later the conference agreed to the Board of Evangelism's recommendation for a 10,000 member net increase this year, but with the stipulation that "every new member be carefully instructed in his responsibility and stewardship as a Methodist."

Help toward the goal is expected when six new churches—included in conference appointments—are organized. More than 90 changes in appointments were approved.

The youth division provided the principal statistical fireworks, with well above-average gains of 6.2 per cent in church-school membership, 27.7 per cent in average attendance at additional youth meetings, and 33 per cent in giving to Methodist Youth Fund.

To help serve this age group, the Conference voted $33,950—a 41 per cent boost—as its contribution to 10 student center programs and established College Day, which is to be observed sometime in January.

College of the Pacific, the area school, also received a 33 per cent boost in church support to $32,000. The conference adopted as a quadrennial goal the General Conference recommendation of $1.30 per member per year for Methodist colleges and student work, including Wesley Foundations.

In other important action, the conference:

- Voted unanimous support for the amendment to the Methodist Constitution which would permit elimination of the Central (Negro) Jurisdiction.
- Asked United States support for universality of membership in the United Nations.
- Petitioned President Eisenhower to call for universal abolition of nuclear weapon testing.
- Opposed peacetime universal military training.
- Supported fair employment practices legislation.
- Opposed capital punishment and California's loyalty oath for church tax exemption.
- Urged further steps toward racial integration of area churches.

A new car was presented to a new bishop, Bishop Mongol Singh of India, by Madera Church, May 19. The Rev. Edgar H. Bradley is seen presenting the keys to the bishop. Others, from left, are Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Thomas, who helped make the gift possible, the Rev. Hendrix Townsley, missionary to India, and Emelio Pistoresi, Plymouth dealer. Merced Subdistrict youth donated money to help ship the car to India.

Because of a proposed 19 per cent increase, the conference budget had rougher sledding than in some years. However, it was adopted with only minor reductions—$7,500 at the request of the Reserve Pension Committee and $3,000 for a special promotion item.

Final totals, compared with those last year, were:

	1956-57	1957-58
Ministerial Support	$ 334,400	$ 355,250
Administration	422,756	466,614
World Service	150,000	160,000
Conf. Benevolences	385,207	477,455
TV Ministry	18,000	24,000
Campgrounds Fund	32,500	65,000
Total	$1,008,463	$1,193,069

The budget provided substantial boosts for church extension and ministerial pensions as well as missionary church salaries.

Although giving for all church purposes last year was reported $7,052,117, higher by 4.5 per cent, the gain in per member giving rose only 42 cents per year to $64.18.

One of the most debated proposals was related closely to finances—a projected field worker in local church stewardship and finance. Conference decided not to take this step this year, but all church officials and members were asked to support the Board of Lay Activities in "raising the level of stewardship" in the conference.

The proposal also was given for study to a special committee established "to study the organizational pattern of the conference, including the number of districts, the relation of district superintendents and executive personnel to the total program."

Newest features of the conference were a three-night Charles Wesley Hymn Festival—singing and dramatic presentations—arranged by the Commission on Worship, and a 24-hour prayer vigil and always-open prayer chapel, sponsored by the Board of Evangelism.

Vital Statistics

Following are important conference statistics selected by the Rev. Roy E. Wilson, statistician, and Dr. Frank Webber, treasurer, from annual reports:

	1956-57	1955-56
Rec'd on profession...	7,040	6,221
All members received..	14,027	13,625
Members removed.....	10,435	8,791
Total members.....	109,885	105,786
Infant baptisms.....	4,238	4,071
Other baptisms.....	3,768	3,866
Church school members	99,327	96,905
Av. attendance SS....	45,592	44,661
Av. attendance other meetings, youth.....	6,841	5,357
WSCS members.....	27,355	27,756
Methodist Men.....	6,313	5,896
TOGETHER subscribers	19,073	4,750
Value churches, land..	$32,535,494	$30,246,544
Indebtedness	$ 3,757,169	$ 3,358,435
Paid on indebtedness..	$886,974	$746,517
Paid for buildings.....	$1,235,190	$1,445,559
Pastors' salaries.....	$1,350,284	$1,246,127
World Service and conf. benevolences	$486,264	$436,496
	(90.8 % paid)	(92.5 % paid)
Gen. Advance Specials	$83,169	$66,281
WSCS to dist. and conference	$159,127	$154,428
Youth Fund.....	$10,062	$7,549
Total paid for all purposes	$7,052,117	$6,745,209
Total paid per member	$64.18	$63.76

School in August

Detailed plans for the conference's 12th annual School of Missions and Christian Service and the Wesleyan Service Guild Weekend, both at College of the Pacific in Stockton, have been announced.

Guest leader for both will be Miss Lillian Johnson of New York City, national Guild secretary.

The school will be Aug. 12-16 with the theme "'Til Christ Shall Dwell in Every Heart." Mrs. Harold Hardman of Castro Valley is chairman of the schools committee, with Mrs. James Catterall of North Sacramento, dean, and Mrs. Ted Streeter of Oak Park Church, Sacramento, assistant dean.

Study courses and their teachers will be: "Christ, the Church and Race," Mrs. Albert Tsukamoto of Florin and Miss Johnson; "Japan," the Rev. John Wilkins, conference Board of Missions executive secretary, and Miss Fusako Kitamura, teacher at the Army Language School, Monterey; "Mark," Mrs. Merle Reed, North Sacramento, and Mrs. Fred Wolfrom, Orange; and a course on social witness of the local church in the ecumenical movement, led by Mrs. Howard Stickland, San Jose.

A workshop concerning parliamentary procedures and leadership responsibilities will be led by Mrs. James P. Howell, Hamilton Church, San Francisco, and Mrs. Ted F. Baun, First Church, Fresno, past and current conference presidents.

Another about discussion and action on current issues will be headed by Mrs. Russell Scothorn and Mrs. Harold Hardman, both of Castro Valley.

Mrs. Clark Newton, Sanger, Mrs. Streeter and Mrs. Catterall will lead a drama and audio-visual workshop. Nine clinics on society work are planned.

Music will be supervised by Miss Johnson and Mrs. E. M. Tomlinson of Trinity Church, Berkeley, and morning worship leader will be the Rev. Tully C. Knoles, COP chancellor.

Guild Weekend will be Aug. 16-18 on the theme, "To Serve the Present Age." Mrs. L. J. deGroot of First Church, Oakland, conference guild secretary, is program chairwoman.

Included in the program will be: a Sunday morning address by Miss Johnson; a Saturday evening talk and film slides by Miss Lucy Gist, deaconess from this conference at Bethlehem Center, Ft. Worth, Tex.; a Sunday sermon by the Rev. Norman L. Conard of Glide Church, San Francisco; and a Saturday evening "singspiration" led by Edward Stallings of Taylor Church, Oakland.

Honorary life memberships were presented by Metropolitan District Wesleyan Service Guild to the Rev. Norman L. Conard, pastor of Glide Church, San Francisco, and C. Edward Stallings, choir director at Taylor Church, Oakland, at the spring district meeting.

Just Like Commuters

It's a busy summer for the Frank Webbers of Mill Valley.

On June 9 Webber was at College of the Pacific in Stockton to receive an honorary doctor of business administration degree, recognizing his long work as treasurer-business manager for California-Nevada Conference.

The next day he was back on the campus as the week of conference sessions opened. It was his eighth conference there and his 28th consecutive annual session, for he was assistant treasurer of Southern California-Arizona Conference earlier.

June 22 the Webbers again returned to the Stockton campus for the wedding of their daughter, Barbara, to Lewis Stewart. Both were members of the COP class of 1956. They will reside at Roseville.

On July 17, the Webbers probably will be at home—it's their 25th wedding anniversary.

Camps at Capacity

A record camping season was indicated for 1957 when Registrar Dorothy Bartalini reported 22 of the 39 sessions closed by capacity registration.

With more than half the camps held in August or later, this is the largest number ever filled at this date.

High registration has affected all age groups, from juniors to family camp.

This is the final season for Miss Bartalini, who has resigned, effective Sept. 1, after more than eight years as camp registrar for the Board of Education.

Sixteen Methodists participated in the leaders' camp in May at Monte Toyan.

Pastors' School Set

The third Western Jurisdiction summer school for approved supply pastors will be held for four weeks, beginning July 24, with the Rev. Frank A. Lindhorst again as dean.

Dr. Lindhorst is professor of Christian community administration at College of the Pacific, Stockton, the host school.

Faculty will include Dr. J. S. Pennepacker, professor of philosophy at Rocky Mountain College, Billings, Mont.; the Rev. Robert Leslie, professor of pastoral psychology at Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley; the Rev. C. Douglas Hayward, pastor of Hillsdale Church, San Mateo; and Dr. Lindsay P. Pherigo of Scarritt College, Nashville.

Conference Treasurer Frank Webber, Mill Valley, receives honorary doctor of business administration degree from College of the Pacific President Robert E. Burns, June 9.

Mrs. Kenneth Miller, left, hands the new gavel of the Ministers' Wives Association to new president, Mrs. O. W. Janzen.

14 Announce Retirement

Thirteen ministers and a deaconess, with a total of 420 years of service to the church, retired at the 1957 conference. It was the largest number of retirements in several years.

The conference members and approved supplies, with their years of service and most recent assignments, were: Jesse R. Rudkin, 43, assistant to the president at College of the Pacific; Charles F. Johannaber, 42, El Camino, a missionary to China for over 30 years; and J. Alvah Andrews, 41, assistant, First Church, Fresno.

Also David C. Hassel, 37, Lake Park Church, Oakland; Chester L. Buckner, 36, Colfax-Dutch Flat; Howard Stickland, 36, Kingsburg; Arthur E. Jern, 32, Tipton; Charlotte Hickman, 31, Campton-ville-San Juan; B. V. Bradshaw, 13, Schurz, Nev., Indian Mission; Marvin Quattlebaum, 10, Ferndale; Mrs. C. W. B. Ellis, 15, inactive for several years.

The deaconess was Ella Baker, 35 years, First Church, Oakland.

Disability retirements were granted to L. W. Reneau, 38 years, Oroville, and Sidney C. Smith, 10, Manteca.

Mr. and Mrs. Reneau received broken necks in an auto accident May 18. He is temporarily paralyzed and is in Sutter Hospital, Sacramento.

30 Are Ordained

One of the largest groups ever ordained by California-Nevada Conference received orders this year. Among the 30 in the group was one woman.

Elder's orders and full memberships were granted Clarence Freeman, Philip Greer, Earl Langguth, Charles Silberstein, Floyd Tuffs, Philip Whitmer, Gregory Yasinitsky, Braxton Combs and Donald Cunningham.

Ordained as local elders were Florencio Marquez and Richard Bagley.

Deacon's orders went to Harold Caton, Eugene Cronk, Robert Findley, Donald Rogers, Sigmund Schade, Booker T. Anderson, Jr., Wilton Vincent, Donald Fado, Don Burkhart, Charles A. Woodworth, Donald Donihue, Kenneth Porter and Nelson Smith.

John Dodson and John Foster were elected deacons for ordination elsewhere, while Thomas Whitehead and Thomas W. Foster were ordained for Oregon Conference.

Ordained as local deacons were Doyle Porter, Ray B. Huddleston, James R. Shelton and Mrs. B. V. Bradshaw.

The Bible used in Kenneth Porter's ordination was one carried in the saddlebag of a circuit rider, the great-grandfather of the new minister's mother, Mrs. Robert R. Porter of Epworth Church, Berkeley.

Pastors on the Move

Several pastoral changes were announced during the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference, June 18-23 at West Los Angeles Church.

The Rev. Harry Murakami was appointed Central California assistant superintendent in addition to his present duties at Sacramento.

New Issei pastor at Berkeley and San Francisco will be the Rev. Isaac Inouye. The Rev. J. J. Sakakibara was appointed to Dinuba, while the Rev. Reedley Roy Sano goes to Loomis. Mr. Sano recently was admitted to full conference membership.

The Rev. Peter F. Chen, who transferred from Kansas, will be at Riverside, and the Rev. Sadao Masuko was designated to serve at Walnut Grove as well as at Florin.

The Rev. Yasuo Oshita of Santa Maria was retired on disability.

Pastoral Appointments

The list below contains changes in pastoral appointments made by Bishop Tippett at, or just prior to, the 1957 California-Nevada Annual Conference.

CENTRAL DISTRICT

Byron.....Howard Chapin
Cathey's Valley.....Philip C. Greer
Chowchilla.....Donald J. Cunningham

Two prominent California-Nevada Conference laymen, President Robert E. Burns of COP and Central Church, Stockton, and O.D. Jacoby, from Shattuck Avenue Church, Oakland, chat during conference.

Dos Palos.....Russell D. Harris
Escalon.....Rufus H. Timberlake
Galt.....Merritt Metcalf
Jameston-Soulsbyville (added to Coulterville Circuit).....John L. Robie
Le Grand.....Philip C. Greer
Modesto First.....Arthur V. Thurman
Patterson.....Albert W. Foster
Riverbank.....Wesley H. Osman
Stockton Central (no successor named to Frank W. Kimper, associate, on special appointment to Southern California School of Theology)
Stockton Hammer Lane.....Joseph W. Moore
Valley Springs.....Harriet Louise Perry

FRESNO DISTRICT

Dinuba.....Hartzell E. Buckner
Fresno Grace.....Fred K. Wilken
Hanford.....Robert M. DeWolf
Kingsburg.....William B. Johnson
Lamont.....Floyd M. Nolin, Jr.
Porterville.....Willard J. Rand, Jr.
Associate.....William H. Phillips

METROPOLITAN DISTRICT

El Cerrito Asst.....Oscar Escamilla
Lafayette.....Henry Page White
Oakland Eighth Ave.....Newell P. Knudson
First.....Daniel D. Walker
Associate.....Alan R. Goozee
Lake Park.....Lynn Haver
Laurel Asst.....Thomas Lindeman
Melrose.....Edward A. Bawden
Messiah.....E. C. Regalado
Richmond First.....Richard Bastear
San Francisco Grace.....T. A. Litov
Park-Presidio Asst.....Thomas Whitehead
Parkside.....Ralph M. Pedersen, Jr.
St. Francis.....John A. Taylor
Trinity.....Chester R. Lewis
San Ramon Valley.....Herbert Hirschfeld
Walnut Creek.....Edward Smith, Jr.

REDWOOD EMPIRE DISTRICT

Arcata.....Fred P. Hanes, Jr.
Clearlake Oaks-Upper Lake....W. S. Traweek
Lower Lake-Middletown...J. Foster Hamilton
Napa.....Andrew Juvinall
Novato.....Lawrence H. Doyle
St. Helena.....Eugene Cronk
Santa Rosa Asst....Harold A. Tillinghast, Jr.
Tamalpais Valley.....James R. Shelton
Vacaville-Elmira.....Robert L. Walker
Valley of the Moon.....William Wingstrom
Windsor.....Delmere C. Stubbs

SACRAMENTO-NEVADA DISTRICT

Carson Valley.....Charles A. Silberstein
Del Paso Heights: Aldersgate..Bruce E. Pond
Dixon.....Donald L. Sager
Elverta.....D. Eugene Anderson
Fair Oaks.....W. C. Eddy
Placerville.....Kenneth Thomas
Reno First.....Howard C. Busching
Associate.....Floyd E. Marker
Sacramento: Centennial....Richard Whitmore
St. Luke's.....Booker T. Anderson, Jr.
Schurz Mission.....Mrs. B. V. Bradshaw
Woodland.....Warren A. Bonner

SAN JOSE DISTRICT

Alisal.....Beverly L. Davis, Jr.
Half Moon Bay.....Roy Badgley
Milpitas.....Braxton L. Combs
Morgan Hill.....Hugh F. Hardin, Jr.
Palo Alto First: Youth Director
William P. Miller
San Bruno.....Philip A. Solbjor
San Jose Calvary: Associate
Howard Strickland
First Associate.....Maurice Cheek
First Wesley Foundation...Henry L. Gerner
San Mateo First.....Elmer Andersen
Santa Cruz Grace.....Elmer H. Podoll
Live Oak.....John C. Riggins
South San Francisco:
Buri Buri.....Allen L. Lewis
Sunnyvale First.....Harry E. Shaner
Lakewood Village.....Dorothy Gleason

SHASTA DISTRICT

Chico Lindo Manor.....James H. Corson
Biggs-Nelson.....Robert H. Hill
Cone.....John Fugit
Dunsmuir.....Olan A. Terrell
Etna.....Kenneth W. Porter
Fall River Mills.....Ray Huddleston
Gazelle (added to Mt. Shasta)
Harold L. Engdahl
Hornbrook (added to Montague)
Edward V. Hargreaves
Marysville.....Robert B. Sanford
Maxwell.....Kenneth Knepp
Nevada City.....Robert W. Findley
Orland.....Wayne H. Long
Oroville.....Robert G. Reis
Portola.....Roy C. Saferite
Princeton.....James Jones
Redding.....Richard H. Walsh
Susanville.....Russell Van Alen
Willows.....Rowland J. Martin

Hot Summer Tempo

Following Youth Day at annual conference, in which more than 700 participated, California-Nevada young people prepared for a summer of camping and special service projects.

A youth caravan will work in the conference this summer, beginning June 30-July 6 at Mt. Shasta, then going to Fair Oaks July 6-13; Cambrian Park July 13-20; Windsor July 20-27, Calvary Church, San Jose, July 27-Aug. 3; and Live Oak Church, Santa Cruz, Aug. 3-10.

Counselor will be Earl Saunders of San Diego, a Pacific School of Religion student who was youth director at First Church, Alameda, during the last year.

Only caravan participant from the conference this year will be Dick Ernst of Temple Church, San Francisco, a student commission chairman for conference Wesley Fellowship.

• Judy Newton of Sanger will attend the Youth School of Alcohol Studies at Adrian, Mich., in August. Anne Ashley of Buri Buri Church, South San Francisco, will spend the summer in the National Council of Churches' ministry to migrants. Roy Wellman of Burlingame and Vic Jenkins of Dinuba will attend the recreation laboratory school at COP.

• Bill Johnson of Grace Church, San Francisco, recently received a $250 scholarship from the California Newspaperboy Foundation for his record as a student and newsboy and his essay on the benefits from being a newsboy. This year Bill has been Methodist Youth Fund chairman for San Francisco Subdistrict.

First child for Shasta District Lay Leader Curtis Tarr, and Mrs. Tarr, of Chico, is Pamela, born April 26.

The Rev. Fred Wilken of Grace Church, Fresno, participated early this month in the interdenominational Every Member Canvass directors' workshop at Lake Geneva, Wis., by invitation of the Methodist Department of Stewardship and Finance. Wilken was associate canvass director for the conference Board of Lay Activtities last year.

A $500 Bank of America second-place award and a four-year scholarship to Harvard University were received by Fred Bird of Alum Roch Church, San Jose. During the past year Fred was president of the Santa Clara Subdistrict MYF.

Bishop Tippett was guest speaker at West Virginia and North Carolina annual conferences in June. He also gave the keynote address for the meeting of trustees of Methodist colleges at Lake Junaluska.

Four college scholarship awards made Jacqueline Dewell the pride of First Church, Hayward, this summer. She received state, Elks Club and Seymour awards, as well as one to Stanford University, where she will study to be a medical technician. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Dewell, she is MYF secretary for her church and for Metropolitan District.

A doctor of philosophy degree was received by the Rev. Carl Patton, Jr., of Soledad, from Boston University this June.

After more than 30 years as organist at Central Church, Stockton, Kenneth Loomis retired in June. He was honored at a church reception.

An April 20 wedding united Robert Link, son of the Rev. and Mrs. Oscar Link of Eureka, and Miss Beverly Coupe of Elk Grove.

New president of the National Association of Credit Men is J. Allen Walker, member of the conference Commission on World Service and Finance. Walker is general credit manager for Standard Oil Company of California.

Among newly chartered Methodist Men's clubs is that at Colusa, whose first president is Dr. Douglas Harkness, an educator. The Colusa men received their charter on May 9.

Dr. Robert E. Burns, president of College of the Pacific, has been elected president of the Western College Association, covering three states and Hawaii. He also serves this year as president of the California Independent Colleges Foundation and vice president of the National Association of Schools and Colleges related to The Methodist Church.

"Sunday Evening in the Chapel," radio program by Eastbay Councils of Churches, for the third summer will have the Rev. Douglas H. Henderson of Albany as director and master of ceremonies. The program is at 7 p.m. each Sunday on Berkeley Station KRE.

Additional duty as director of the conference Committee on Christian Higher Education has been given the Rev. Carl Stocking, Fresno District superintendent. Stocking also is a member of the General Commission on Higher Education.

New presidents of ministerial associations include Dr. Allen R. Reesor for Greater Bakersfield and the Rev. Jun Fujimori for Ontario. Dr. Reesor, minister of education at First Church, also serves as radio-television chairman for the Bakersfield Council of Churches.

One of three delegates from San Francisco Ministerial Alliance to the May 17 Prayer Pilgrimage in Washington, D. C., was the Rev. Hamilton Boswell of Jones Memorial Church.

Plan Home Additions

Commissioners' training day on Aug. 25 at Fred Finch Children's Home in Oakland will include dedication of several new campus additions.

Commissioners are from local churches, participating in the conference Board of Lay Activities' program to support the home.

Dedication is slated for a new six-room administrative residence; a worship center in the dining room, gift of the Wesleyan Service Guild of Shattuck Avenue Church, Oakland; a $4,200 fire circle and picnic area given by Mrs. Margaret Richardson of Melrose Church, Oakland; and a badminton court and recreation area next to Franklin House as a memorial to Will F. Morrish, former member of the home's board of trustees.

New president of the board is Archie W. Rushford of Trinity Church, Berkeley, who succeeds Henry Z. Jones of San Leandro Church, president for seven years. Jones will continue as chairman of the building committee.

New Dorm Goes Up

The 100th commencement and groundbreaking for a dormitory and dining hall were major events of early summer at College of the Pacific.

In commencement exercises, 221 baccalaureate and 56 master's degrees were awarded. The Rev. D. Clifford Crumney of Grace Church, Stockton, was given an honorary doctor of divinity degree. Dr. Crumney is president of the conference Board of Education.

Commencement speaker was Gov. Goodwin J. Knight.

The new dormitory will house 400 women when completed by September, 1958. The building bid was $1,299,760. Construction sarted May 25.

69-Year Member Dies

Two retired ministers, a widow and an active layman died early this summer.

The Rev. Frank Kline Baker, who entered the conference on trial in 1888 and had the longest conference membership, died May 22. Mrs. Baker resides in San Jose. The minister had served 14 parishes and as Sacramento District superintendent prior to retirement in 1940.

The Rev. Valentine G. McMurray, a member since 1904, died June 15. His widow lives in San Jose. Retired in 1945, he was once a missionary to India.

Mrs. S. Uemura, wife of a retired member of Pacific Japanese Conference, died May 4 in Denver.

Russell H. C. Proffitt, attorney and lay member of First Church, Oakland, died May 25. He was secretary-manager of the Conference Credit Union, a member of the Berkeley Wesley Foundation board of managers, and served with the Conference Claimants Endowment Board and other agencies.

ington Conference: If the amendment passes, will old or new transfer procedures apply to Negro churches now switching to white annual conferences? The conference aproved the request of Simpson Church, Steubenville, Ohio, to join the North-East Ohio Conference. Bishop Matthew W. Clair, Jr., said he assumed the transfer would follow the existing system. Should the new procedure become church law, Clair indicated he would seek a ruling from the Judicial Council on whether it applies to the Ohio church.

H-bomb—Numerous conferences made strong appeals to end nuclear-weapons testing and set up an international atomic-control agency. Some resolutions were sent to President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles.

Alcoholic beverages—Conferences gave high priority to resolutions urging a ban on liquor advertising. Northern New York and Central New York supported a move to boost the state's legal drinking age from 18 to 21. North Texas urged Congress to ban interstate liquor advertising and the serving of liquor on air lines.

Birth control—New England Conference opposed the present Massachusetts anti-birth-control law, and voiced support of planned parenthood.

Bishop Oxnam Hails School for Career Diplomats

Methodism's new school to train government foreign-service specialists is a pro-Protestant move, not anti-Catholic, declared Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam recently in Washington, D.C.

He spoke at ground-breaking ceremonies for American University's School of International Service.

Heretofore, Georgetown University, (Roman Catholic) has been the only school in the capital city with specialized training for foreign service.

"Protestants," the bishop said, "pay tribute to the foresight of Father Walsh and those at Georgetown who saw this need many years ago. But since U.S. Protestants outnumber Catholics two to one, it is proper that a school under Protestant auspices train future servants of government, business, labor, and the church in the atmosphere of freedom that characterizes the Protestant campus.

"It is in no sense a matter of anti-Catholic spirit to be pro-Protestant."

The chief fears, he explained, are of authoritarianism and of the possibility that students trained in a Jesuit institution will be conditioned favorably to Vatican world policy.

"Protestants," Oxnam went on, "stand for the same liberty for the Roman Catholic Church that they demand for their churches, but they are determined

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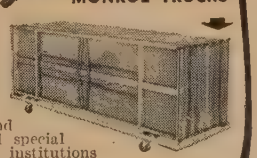

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Dear Editor,

One day last October I sat in the waiting room of one of our hospitals trying to give encouragement to a woman whose husband was undergoing a five-hour operation.

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Suddenly I realized that we could do something about the situation with our new TOGETHER. It was attractive, interesting, and worthwhile. Our church adopted the ALL FAMILY PLAN with a unanimous vote after which I suggested that we be responsible for sending a subscription to each hospital in the area.

This idea met with their approval and the addresses were included with our list. TOGETHER now graces the magazine racks of the hospitals and we feel it is $6.00 well spent.

This idea may be worthy of being handed on to other churches in the interest of better reading and of Methodism.

Yours truly,

Richard W. Harrington
Galeton, Pennsylvania

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their own liberty shall not be abridge in Spain, in Latin America, or an land, no matter how powerful politica ly the local hierarchy may be."

Dr. Hurst Anderson, president American University, conferred a honorary doctor of laws degree on Pre ident Eisenhower, who spoke brief (see page 9). It was the President second visit to the school.

Of Methodism's 118 "church-related schools and colleges, only two hav direct support from General Conferenc —American University and Scarri College for Christian Workers (Nash ville, Tenn.). The 1956 General Co ference at Minneapolis voted $1 mi lion to set up American's School o International Service, which is sched uled to open in September, 1958.

37 Churches Join in Revival

Rural Methodism has received a bi boost in North Carolina, where the 3 churches composing the seven charge of Ashe County have pooled their re sources for a successful, week-long revival.

This is the first time they hav worked as a unit. The Rev. James W Sells, who preached, says the exper ment:

Has demonstrated that a co-operativ approach is effective; has achieved heightened sense of Christian fellow ship, and has produced a new Christia experience.

The revival was held in a West Jef ferson tobacco warehouse. Organized like a city-wide campaign, it drew large crowds and introduced hundreds o Methodists to their own church litera ture, mostly unavailable to these rura charges before.

Blake Scores School Coercion

The right of students to refuse to attend a religious service which they cannot conscientiously attend has been defended by the head of the National Council of Churches.

Dr. Eugene Carson Blake was sup ported in his views by Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State.

Blake and Glenn L. Archer, POAU executive director, spoke out after 22 Roman Catholic students were barred from commencement exercises at Moundsville, W.Va., High School for failing to attend baccalaureate services held in a Methodist church.

Said Blake: "I would expect that most of our churches would agree that no compulsion should be used to require any attendance at religious services." He added he hopes students will not be subjected "to either legal or social coercion."

ARINE COURT-MARTIAL RAISES THREE ISSUES

Court-martial of Marine Pfc. Peter een, a Methodist, who became a nscientious objector after enlisting, s raised these three issues of special erest to Methodists:

1. Is the Marine Corps qualified rule what is "personal" or "re- ious" in an individual's beliefs?

2. Does the Corps condone its wyer's accusing The Methodist urch of associating with radical ments?

3. Can the Corps deny Method- s status as conscientious objec- rs because the church is not own as a traditional "peace urch"?

Green, six months after enlisting, ed his superiors to list him as a nscientious objector and to transfer n to a noncombatant unit. While his quest was being studied, he was lered to take a rifle. Green refused. e court-martial followed.

The Methodist Church became in- ved when Green sought membership First Methodist Church, Oceanside, lif. Later, his membership was trans- red to First Church at Evanston, Ill., here he had been reared in a Meth- ist family.

Four prominent Methodists—Bishop rald Kennedy, Dr. Eugene Wood of Oceanside church, Dr. Harold A. sley of the Evanston church, and erman Will, Jr., administrative sec- ary of the Board of World Peace—re defense witnesses. Kennedy and ood appeared personally; Bosley and ill submitted sworn statements. In attempt to discredit them, Capt. rald T. Gaffney, the prosecutor, at- ked them as Communist sympathiz- s.

Two non-Methodist groups—150 inisters of the Disciples of Christ in lifornia, and Evangelical and Re- rmed Church leaders of Illinois—de- anded an apology from the Corps.

To prove The Methodist Church's ficial stand as a religious body which icks those refusing to take up arms, urchmen read to the court from the 56 *Discipline*. It states that:

"The Methodist Church, true to the inciples of the New Testament, teach- respect for properly constituted civil thority. It encourages both love of untry and love of all men. Believing at government rests upon the support its conscientious citizens, it holds ithin its fellowship those who sin- rely differ as to the Christian's duty regard to war. We ask and claim emption by legal processes from all rms of military preparation or service r all religious conscientious objectors, for those of the historic peace church- s. We also recognize the right of the ndividual to answer the call of his gov- ernment according to the dictates of his Christian conscience. In both these situations members of The Methodist Church have the authority and support of their church."

Methodist officials subsequently asked Secretary of the Navy Thomas S. Gates, Jr., to grant Green's request for CO status. They say that unless this ruling is made, Green again may be ordered to use a rifle when he returns to duty—and thus, if he refuses, to face another court-martial.

Mrs. Wallace N. Streeter, Woman's Division of Christian Service, voices support for continued economic aid to under-developed countries before Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing.

Congress Hears Methodists

Methodists ranked prominently among some 20 religious leaders testifying at recent foreign-aid hearings of the House Foreign Affairs Committee and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

Most leaders favored President Eisenhower's $3.6-billion foreign-aid program. Mrs. Wallace N. Streeter of Washington, D.C., representing nearly 2 million members of the Woman's Division of Christian Service, urged passage of the bill in the interests of peace and "our moral obligation to other peoples."

Other Methodist women testifying included Mrs. Annalee Stewart, an ordained minister of the New England Conference, and Mrs. Margaret Caldwell, Washington, representing the Colored Parents and Teachers Association.

The Rev. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor

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of Christ Church, Methodist, New York, representing the Methodist Board of World Peace and the National Council of Churches, said churches do not view the government's economic aid as a "give away" program, but as sound "self-interest" and "world-wide" interest.

American churches have been active in overseas aid for "more than 100 years," he added. In their mission work they have "pioneered in technical assistance, in programs of education, literacy, literature, medicine and public health, agriculture, industry, mass communications, and leadership training in many fields."

Dr. Charles F. Boss of the Methodist Board of World Peace also testified.

Southern Baptists on Upsurge

Southern Baptists soon may overtake Methodists as the largest Protestant denomination, leading Methodists now are warning. One high-ranking Methodist foresees certain Baptist victory "if they keep up their present rate of increase." The Baptists, he says, are "more aggressive about evangelizing than we are."

There now are 8,708,823 Southern Baptists and some 9,500,000 Methodists in the U.S. However, 20 per cent of the 8 million Baptists are "nonresident" (mostly inactive) members, Baptist officials said, whereas Methodist spokesmen pointed out that only active or resident members are included in their count.

According to Dr. S. L. Stealey, president of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, there probably will be some 10 million Southern Baptists by 1960 and 14 million by 1970.

Southern Baptists, he says, consider it their "duty to God to go in and evangelize" where others are not evangelizing. They are in some 35 states now, many of them Northern.

The Southern Baptists are expanding in other ways, too. Their newly elected president, Rep. Brooks Hays (D.-Ark.) has pledged himself to "work actively" to close the "historic cleavage" between his denomination and the American Baptist Convention. Other leaders have voiced similar aims.

At a recent convention in Chicago, the Southern Baptists came out in favor of desegregation.

War on Capital Punishment

Leaders of Methodism and other denominations are battling to end capital punishment in several states. Joining in the drive are Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Quakers, and interdenominational councils.

Three states—Maine, Minnesota, and Wisconsin—have outlawed the death

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MISCELLANEOUS

CAMPMEETING, Dimock, Pa. August 11-18. Speaker: Dr. Luther Ketels. Room, meals $14. Write Rev. W. Highfield, Dimock, Pa.

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...nality in the past; three others—Michigan, North Dakota, and Rhode Island—have abolished it, with a few specified exceptions.

In Oregon, voters will decide in 1958 whether to end capital punishment; in Illinois, a bill for a six-year moratorium has passed the lower house of the legislature. However, the Massachusetts House rejected a bill providing for a referendum on capital punishment after the lawmakers turned down a proposed five-year moratorium.

Feeling of capital punishment foes was expressed by Warden Joseph E. Ragen of Joliet, Ill., penitentiary, who said the death sentence does not stop crimes of passion," and has not been a deterrent to crime.

WSCS to Study Its Role

Two million WSCS members (Woman's Society of Christian Service) this fall will be watching results of five workshops in which leaders will learn how the organization can become more effective in local churches.

Thirty women, core leadership for workshops, will meet Sept. 9-12 at Kansas City, Mo. Four workshop periods will follow, with approximately 150 WSCS leaders attending. The sessions will end Oct. 24. The women will study group dynamics, group action, and leadership development. Other workshop dates: Oct. 1-3 at Minneapolis, Minn., Albany, N.Y., and Burlingame, Calif.; Oct. 8-10, Boise, Ida., Washington, D.C., and Cincinnati, Ohio; Oct. 15-17, Atlanta, Ga., and Dallas, Tex.; Oct. 22-24, Little Rock, Ark.

School Report Stirs Protest

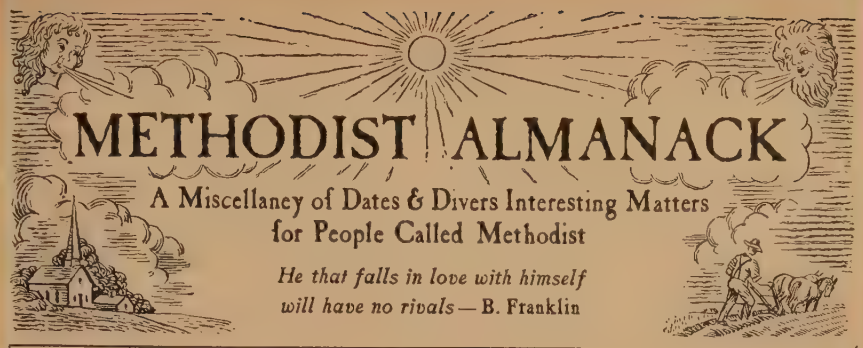
Charges that parochial education constitutes "brainwashing" and "a denial of personality," has raised a storm of protest from Lutherans and Roman Catholics.

In an 11,000-word report on public schools, the Presbyterian Church, USA, opposed support of any parochial school by public funds and leveled the charges to which the two other faiths are objecting.

Attacking the use of the term "brainwashing," Dr. Arthur L. Miller of the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, replied, "Indoctrination is part of every educational process wherever truth is known."

"Diligent teaching of God's Word" must have "a moral effect on the child," Miller said.

The Rev. Roman C. Ulrich, director of Catholic schools in the Omaha, Neb., archdiocese, denied that Catholic schools want direct public aid. He denied, too, a charge that Catholics call


METHODIST ALMANACK
A Miscellaney of Dates & Divers Interesting Matters
for People Called Methodist
He that falls in love with himself
will have no rivals — B. Franklin

JULY hath XXXI days — 7th Month

A bunch of grass, a wild rose,
A bird that's learned to fly,
Children out for holiday—
That's July—Mary F. Butts

15	M	*As is the weather this day,*
16	Tu	*So will be the next forty*
17	W	Romans pillage Jerusalem, 70 AD
18	Th	"Wrong-way" Corrigan flies to Ireland, 1938
19	Fr	Second National Conference of Methodist Men, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
20	Sa	First baseball series begins, 1858
21	S	Scopes guilty in "monkey trial," 1925
22	M	Daredevil balloons over Irish Channel, 1818
23	Tu	*A closed mouth catches no flies*
24	W	Detroit's 256th anniversary
25	Th	*Ride not a free horse to death*
26	Fr	B. Franklin heads new postal service, 1775
27	Sa	Korean armistice, 1953
28	S	World Service Sunday
29	M	*Much outcry, little outcome*
30	Tu	Jamestown representative assembly: America's first elected legislature, 1619
31	W	U. S. Patent Office opens, 1790

■ W. Sadler, Jr., spent five hrs., 45 min. in air. Preparing for descent, he dropped loose articles from balloon's basket, including three eggs. One took 29 seconds to reach the sea; another broke into pieces in mid-air.

■ At Jamestown, Va., was beginning of representative government as well as Protestantism in the New World. (See June TOGETHER.) Colonists were devout members of the Church of England. House of Burgesses met in a church at call of governor.

AUGUST hath XXXI days — 8th Month

It's much too hot for reason,
And far too warm for rhyme—Joseph Ashby-Sterry

1	Th	Whale-tale teller H. Melville, b. 1819
2	Fr	*"Savage" peoples wear comfortable clothes*
3	Sa	In 1492, Columbus sails ocean blue
4	S	*A fat kitchen makes a lean will*
5	M	First U.S. income-tax law passed, 1861
6	Tu	Francis Asbury chosen for America, 1771
7	W	U.S.—Canada Peace Bridge opens, 1927
8	Th	Steam locomotive works, 1829
9	Fr	J. Wesley extends ministry to Dublin, 1747
10	Sa	*Doing nothing is doing ill*
11	S	"Fulton's Folly" churns Hudson R., 1807
12	M	Hawaii cedes self to U.S., 1898
13	Tu	*Gesundheit!* Hay-fever season starts
14	W	Methodists meet to plan union, 1935

■ Methodist delegates from Methodist Episcopal Church, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Methodist Protestant Church gathered in Evanston, Ill., two days later issued Plan of Union that became Methodist Church Constitution in 1939, climaxing 25 years of effort.

Name Your Hobby

We didn't realize it before—but it seems we've been staging a hobby-popularity contest. And *Pen Pals* tops the list! We've been swamped, almost, with names of you readers 18 or younger who want to exchange letters. If your name isn't here, look for it in a later issue. Incidentally, *Hobby Alley* this month shows up on page 75.—EDS.

Pen Pals (open to age 18):

Saundra Mattson (15), 523 S. Dakota, Butte, Mont.; Diane Clymans (12), 709 E.S. Blvd., Muskogee, Okla.; Susie Teufel (16), 215 Carson Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa; Betty Schmidt (14), 1616 Middle St., Sharpsburg 15, Pa.; Janice Clark (14), RFD 1, East Orwell, Ohio; Elizabeth Brunning (10), 1706 21st Ave., Covington, La.; Joanne Scottow (18), Box 146, Knowlesville, N.Y.; Carole Delph (12), R.R. 6, Anderson, Ind.; Sharon Slaght (14), R. 1, Box 167, North Bend, Wash.; Dona Marie Hickman (10), 216 Hickman Dr., Belleville, Ill.

David Alden Peyton (13), 3556 Mt. Union Rd., Huntington 1, W.Va.; Ann Ellis (13), 306 5th Ave. East, Springfield, Tenn.; Eugenia Pleasant (12), 2824 Ave. H, Nederand, Tex.; Margo J. Anderson (13), 1181 Clarence, Oak Park, Ill.; Sandra Foote (14), North Haverhill, N.H.; Elizabeth Everitt (14), R.D. 2, Woodhull, N.Y.; Darlene Wiseman (15), R.D. 1, Duncannon, Pa.; Nancy Ann Lawroski (8), 144 S. Sleight St., Naperville, Ill.; Judy Lee Herget (17), 15 Marlboro Lane, Colonia, N.J.; Marcia Boody (10), R.R. 1, Hudson, Wis.; Lynne Witten (10), Box 1146, Colorado City, Tex.; Shirley Webb (15), 520 S. Dakota, Butte, Mont.; Carolyn Ann Roy (13), Box 64, Winterport, Me.; Helen Sawyer (13), RFD 2, Winterport, Me.; Mary Sawyer (15), RFD 2, Winterport, Me.; Linda Hickman (11), 216 Hickman Dr., Belleville, Ill.; Kristina Lund (11), R. 2, Box 102, Rochester, Wash.; Priscilla Ann Willoughby (13), 7850 E. Marshall St., Tulsa, Okla.; Cora Lansing (10), 78 W. Main St., Sidney, N.Y.

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public schools "godless." Parochial schools, he asserted, exist "for the precise purpose of incorporating religious instruction" in education.

Graham Grapples with Gotham

Billy Graham's New York Crusade won more than 20,000 "decisions for Christ" in the initial weeks and stirred up some of the strongest criticism in the evangelist's young career.

Publicity-wise, Graham batted 1.000. Newspapers, radio, and TV splurged his invasion of "the nation's sin hole." After telecasts of his meetings and personal appearances with Steve Allen and Dave Garroway, *Variety*, "the Bible of show business," called Billy a theatrical star: "The way Judy Garland belts out ballads, Graham belts out chapter and verse."

Some critics on religious publications led by the non-denominational *Christian Century*, charged that Graham audiences are made up of people already Christians.

The biggest danger in Graham, clamored the *Century*, is the revival of "narrow and divisive" fundamentalism to a point where it can aggressively exploit the churches. But what disturbed Reinhold Niebuhr, a leading Protestant clergyman, was not fundamentalism as such, but that "organized Protestantism should give its official endorsement to this simple approach to the Christian faith amid the tragedies of the nuclear age."

Editor Elson Ruff (*The Lutheran*) declared Lutherans could stay away from Graham meetings, but only if "we have a clear confidence that the strong hands of our Saviour have us firmly in their grasp."

The Roman Catholic press jumped into the discussion with a warning to clerics and laymen to avoid Billy. It announced a special Sunday sermon series to coincide with the Graham crusade. In spite of the warning, a crusade official claimed a "significant number" of persons with Catholic backgrounds had made decisions.

In *Christianity Today*, author Edward John Carnell found much in orthodox Graham to praise. "What is the work of an evangelist, if not to tell sinners how to be saved? Billy Graham preaches Christ in such clear and forceful language that even a bartender can find his way to the mercy seat. This is why the multitudes discover a power in Billy Graham which they miss in Reinhold Niebuhr."

As the debate waxed hotter, Graham and associates remained quietly confident. A spot check by the Protestant Council of New York showed more than 40 per cent of those making de-

ethodist churches reported receiving
referrals from the crusade. Fourteen
re nonmembers. Nine of these were
be presented for church membership
d five are in membership-training
sses.

o Aid 'Neglected' Churches

Methodist leaders are planning to re-
alize churches in many "neglected"
etropolitan and rural areas. By fall
ey expect to pinpoint and study these
eas, and list weak spots (recom-
ended by bishops and district super-
tendents) on which to start immedi-
work. By that time Methodist
ards and agencies are expected to be
dy to lend their strength to the
oject.

Heading up the program is the new,
-member Interboard Committee on
inistry to Neglected Areas, Bishop
y Short, Nashville, chairman.

The committee was formed at the
56 General Conference when Meth-
ists asked such questions as: Is the
otestant church ministering mainly
one strata of society? Does it appeal
imarily to the socially, economically,
d culturally successful? Is it in
nger of continuing a caste system?

General Conference assigned the
mmittee to study neglected areas, de-
lop plans to organize new churches,
vive and support abandoned and dy-
g churches, and enlist the help of lay-
en and women.

The committee has recommended that each district expand work in two neglected areas each year.

Members say exceptional opportunities exist in housing developments, shoestring housing along interurban highways, dying city centers, scattered mountain farms, and areas beyond the suburbs.

Additional plans will be blueprinted at an executive committee meeting Sept. 11-12 in Indianapolis, and at a full committee session after Easter, 1958.

Methodist Schools Cited

Four Methodist-related colleges have been listed by *The Chicago Tribune* among the nation's top schools.

Lawrence at Appleton, Wis., was seventh on a list of the top 10 coed colleges; Wesleyan, Middleton, Conn., was fourth among men's universities; Randolph-Macon, Lynchburg, Va., was the 10th-rated women's college, and Northwestern, Evanston, Ill., was 10th among law schools.

The *Tribune* rated the nation's institutions of higher learning after a survey of educators.

Factors considered included the quality of faculty and research, student body, physical facilities, and "the ethos of an institution—whether it has the character of a community of scholars."

Business 'As Usual'—Sundays!

The power of the Christian church is being tested in a growing battle over Sunday commercialism. So far, on the local and national levels, leaders are having only moderate success in efforts to stop the Sunday-business trend.

Financially, Sunday is the third most lucrative day in the week where business is permitted on the Sabbath. Sunday sales now include everything from groceries to home appliances.

Biggest victories for the church have been defeats by Sunday-business proponents in the U.S. Supreme Court. These verdicts came in cases testing Sunday-closing ordinances in Little Rock and Pine Bluff, Ark.

Also, many major food chains now are resisting the trend. John A. Logan, president of the National Association of Food Chains, said recently: "A large segment of the industry believes that six days offer ample time for people to do their food shopping, particularly with some evenings open." However, a spokesman for one big chain told newsmen, "If competition forces us to open on Sundays, we'll act." And businessmen concede that once stores start opening on Sunday it is difficult to close them.

Unions, also opposed to Sunday bus-

AMEN CORNER

As gleaned from pastors' sermons

- Many want the good news, but not the cross.
  —*Rev. Newton Moats, Des Moines, Iowa (from Mrs. Willis S. Darrow.)*
- At the beginning of life we cry while others smile. Let us so live that at the end of life we can smile while others cry.
  —*Rev. William F. Foster, Dexter, Minn. (from Harry Greeley).*
- Faith is what a man *does* with what he *has* where he *is*.
  —*Rev. Ralph H. Richardson, Sonoma, Calif. (from Mrs. H. C. Johnson).*
- It takes two people to make a Christian, and one of them is Christ.
  —*Bishop Richard C. Raines, Indianapolis, Ind. (from G. C. Turner).*
- Love is one thing that can make something out of nothing.
  —*Rev. James C. Fisher, Elkins, W. Va. (from Mrs. Ocie Lee Triplett).*
- The church that quits asking for money is dead.
  —*Rev. Lloyd McNeil, Prague, Okla. (from Mrs. Ira L. Crabtree).*

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Let's Get Acquainted

Any MYF big-time jaunt, as you'll see in our picture story on pages 14-19, is a mighty interesting—and busy—affair. It's likely to wear down those who have left their teens well behind. Take **Eugene Cook** for example. He's the nationally prominent photographer, a veteran of the pages of *Life* and other topflight magazines, who covered the latest MYF trip for us. The photo of him above, taken on the train by an MYF member, tells its own story. But maybe it wasn't just fatigue. Gene wrote, "The job was fun but on Tuesday I managed to be felled by some subtle bug, which, apparently out of deference to The Methodist Church, allowed me to regain my feet the next day." His summation: "A darned good seminar."

●

One day in 1938, Dr. Frank Slutz, an active layman, delivered a lecture at the Lakewood, Ohio, High School: *From Pipe Organ to Chicken Coop,* a character sketch of Albert Schweitzer. Among the student listeners was **James E. Doty**—and in his heart flared a new interest in the medical missionary. Ever since, his admiration for Dr. Schweitzer has grown. Doty, now pastor of First Methodist Church in Lynn, Mass., oldest of our denomination in that state, has written extensively about his favorite subject, corresponded with him for a year before the memorable day when Schweitzer cabled him an invitation for a 14-day stay. The result is *My Visit With Albert Schweitzer* (page 34). [Since that visit, Mrs. Schweitzer has passed away.] Doty is married to a Methodist minister's daughter, is the father of three children, and has one burning ambition: to pay another visit to the man he admires so greatly.

●

Lots of laymen have solid connections with the ministry. But you'll go a long way to find anyone with a closer tie than **Ardis Whitman,** author of *Don't Be Afraid of Sentiment* (page 46). As she puts it, she is "a minister's child, the mother of a future minister, and the descendant of 300 years in the ministry." That's why she is "particularly happy" to be published in "a religious magazine which seems to hold so much promise."

●

Turning a Northerner loose in Texas can have but one end result—another adopted Texan. We had that experience a few weeks back. Camera in hand, our managing editor, **Charles W. Keysor,** went down to the Panhandle to cover the Northwest Texas Conference and gather material for *Texas Town Gets a Preacher* (page 61). He came back, under a 10-gallon hat, talking—in a drawl—of just one topic: Texas.

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

Credits are separated from left to right by comma; top to bottom by dash; bot., bottom; cen., center; exc., except; lf., left; rt., right.

1—Kathleen Cochran • 2—Betty Cox • 9—Cameramen • 14-19—Eugene Cook • 20-22—U.S. Army • 23—Harris Ewing, D. D. Spellman, Bauer • 24—lf. U.S. Navy • 25—Paul Parker—Religious News Service • 27—Black Star • 33—Ben Fleishman • 34—Boston Univ. • 35-42—Rev. James Doty • 51—rt. Nate Saint • 55—Frank Harvat • 61-64—Charles W. Keysor • 66—rt. Gene Spurlock • 75—Clarence White, Charles W. Keysor • 76—Theresa Prince, Clarence White, cen. Theresa Prince—Clarence White, Theresa Prince.

iness, are successfully demanding high as triple time for Sunday work. But still stores, often catering to after-church shoppers, stay open.

Many pastors are urging boycotts of offending stores.

The battle inside individual states is heating up. The Florida Supreme Court has ruled the state's Sabbath laws unconstitutional. In Cincinnati, Ohio, a court has reaffirmed that state's 120-year-old "blue laws," while in nearby Cleveland, Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish businessmen have formed Sunday, Inc., to halt the Sabbath-business trend.

In Buffalo and Erie County, N.Y., the Council of Churches has urged co-operation between church, labor, and business groups. And in Pennsylvania the legislature has approved a bill to prohibit Sunday auto sales. Nationally, car salesmen claim Sunday brings them 25 to 50 per cent of their weekly business.

As of now, 38 states have laws banning nonessential Sunday work. But most laws are antiquated, vague, and unenforceable.

New Use for Liquor Millions

A Methodist official has challenged the liquor industry to spend "one-tenth as much to solve alcohol problems" as the $400 million it yearly pours into advertising to "brainwash the American public."

Dr. Caradine R. Hooton, general secretary, Methodist Board of Temperance, said "until the industry" does this "we can only assume that its motives are profit only, at any price."

He said a multi-million dollar campaign by the liquor interests against drinking-and-driving would cut down the "highway slaughter."

"Think what it would mean, too," he pointed out, "in rehabilitation of the nation's 4.5 million alcoholics."

Hooton also urged church groups to press for Congressional action on a bill seeking to regulate billboard advertising along the federal highways.

Congress is receiving more petitions from religious and temperance groups than any year since the beginning of the post-prohibition era in 1933.

The petitions seek legislation to restrict alcoholic-beverage advertising, particularly on radio and television.

Typical of them is one being circulated by the Woman's Society of Christian Service in Pennsylvania. It advises Congressmen that "glamorous and deceptive advertising, which becomes constantly worse, is drowning out the warnings of the home, school, and church with disastrous results."

Pictures from pumpkin seeds, beauty from your old broom straws, fancy art from fish scales! Make something out of nothing—

Why not try Trash-craft?

By C. Rosenberg Foster

Don't discard that old broom! Dye the straws and create your own picture.

YOU MAY NOT THINK of old broom straws, pumpkin seeds, and fish scales as objects of beauty. But I do. I turn trash tidbits like these into gifts and useful decorations.

Trash-craft is my hobby. There is virtually no limit to the things I can make and the fun I have.

I discovered trash-can art in 1932 when depression days brought slashed budgets. I was a high-school teacher of arts and crafts in Chicago. Funds for such luxuries as art supplies were nonexistent. It was up to me to find some means of teaching art to my students.

So I collected materials from neighborhood trash cans, experimented at home, and soon had some test projects ready.

Our first efforts were simple pictures, post-card size, of flowers and barnyard scenes. We made them from field corn, tree bark, weeds, and other scrap.

When the school-board officials saw those first examples they sent me out to lecture to other teachers. Trash-can art found quick acceptance in homes as well as schools.

You'll find it a wonderful family hobby. It doesn't strain the budget; it's fun for toddlers, teens, and grandmothers. And it's easy.

You don't have to be an artist with quantities of expensive supplies. Probably you already have scissors, safety-razor blades, and glue in your home. Add some scrap items and a lively imagination, and you can produce some amazing results.

Probably the easiest way to begin is to find a picture you want to copy; a bouquet, for example, makes an excellent subject for beginners. Take a close look at it and think about materials with which you could copy the picture.

A family scavenger hunt can turn up quite a collection of miscellany. Don't limit yourself by colors, either, for the trash you find can easily be dyed. I make my dye by soaking strips of crepe paper in water. The longer it soaks, the darker the dye.

In selecting the trash to use on the picture, put your imagination to work. Then trace the design onto clean cardboard.

Fasten your trash down on the design with a generous amount of glue. One of my first pictures was a bowl of sunflowers. I used field corn, carefully washed and dried, for petals, coffee grounds for centers. Dried grass and leaves made the greenery. Additional corn, dyed in many colors, made the vase.

After the glue dries, finish your picture with a dime-store frame. Simple, isn't it?

As you develop ideas, keep special boxes for collecting treasures such as yarn

Mrs. Foster helps this lad see beauty in trash-art.

Children's favorite: fish-scale turkey.

From pumpkin seeds, a novel art form.

Want a floral bouquet for your living room? Make it from dyed sea shells.

Sunbonnet Sues from postage stamps.

Low-cost decoration out of corncobs.

scraps, feathers, matches—whatever yo need.

Good sources for material, besid checking what goes into the wastebask are basements and yards. Take the fa ily on hikes to the woods. You'll pick u interesting leaves, berries, and other po sible materials. Children particularly e joy this part of the hobby.

If there is a fish market nearby, or fisherman in the family, save fish scal to make into iridescent pictures.

After you have more practice, yo may want to create your own design I've enjoyed making pictures of skyline and sunsets, as well as original Christma cards.

It's fun to branch out into makin frames for your pictures, too. Casual pi tures can be framed with bamboo, heav weed stalks, or small pieces of tre branches with the bark left on.

You may even find a market for you art. Many people do. I know of girls wh have earned enough money by sellin pictures they made from trash materia to provide lunches and carfare to con tinue schooling.

One girl, ashamed to appear at gradu ation because of her unsightly teeth, sol trash-craft to pay her dental bill. Anothe taught her family the techniques. Nov trash-can art buys the family grocerie every month.

Several Girl Scout troops sponsored b my church over the years have mad gifts for their parents, an old people' home, and hospitals.

In 25 years of trash-craft, I've had sev eral one-woman shows. My collectio now numbers over 200 items and i appraised in excess of $20,000. I hope t sell it to a museum someday. But even i this never happens, the hours of fun an relaxation have been enough reward in themselves.

This fascinating hobby has taken m all over the country, lecturing at teachers meetings, universities, churches, and con valescent homes. I have also appeared in a color movie and on radio and television programs.

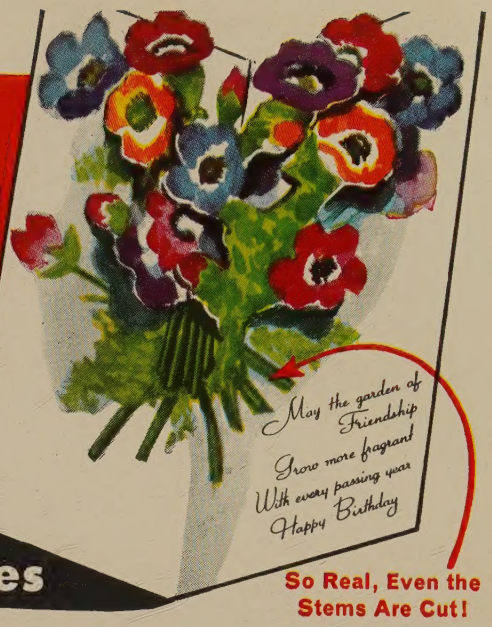
At New York City's Bellevue Hospita I helped handicapped children creat trash-craft as part of their rehabilitatio and physical therapy.

My biggest moment came when Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt requested a privat showing. She liked my work so well she bought three creations, made of pencil shavings, sumac leaves, cotton, and—I like to think—a little imagination.

After my husband died in 1949, my hobby became more important than ever; it was, in fact, the main thing that filled my lonely hours.

But what has pleased me most is that so many other people have been able to make practical use of this hobby. I hope your family will share it, too!

Make 85¢ on each $1.25 Box of Amazing "Cut Flowers" GREETING CARDS



So Real, Even the Stems Are Cut!

$85.00 IS YOURS on Just 100 Boxes

What An Easy Way to Make Money!

See these excitingly different greeting cards open up like floral bouquets. *Show* them to friends and you'll be delighted with the big money you make in spare time starting at once. Complete assortment pays you 85¢ on each $1.25 box—the quickest $85.00 cash profit on 100 boxes that you can imagine. You don't need any experience.

Newest CHRISTMAS CARDS and GIFTS Boost Your Earnings

You're sure to please everyone...each profitable sale leads to another... by letting all your friends choose from Creative's complete line of 200 Christmas Assortments, Gift Items, Cards and Stationery for all occasions. Lovely Album of Name-Imprinted Christmas Card samples is FREE. Exciting, new ideas in boxes from clever, high-fashion designs to heart-warming, old-fashioned and Religious subjects, Gift Novelties for the home...all sell fast at $1.00 or not much more. Everything pays you such big profits, you'll reach the income you want in very little time.

ORGANIZATIONS! Fill your treasury fast with the big cash profits ...reward members with the Bonus Gifts!

FREE CHRISTMAS ALBUM of new Personalized Cards at popular prices. So full of Christmas beauty, folks buy whenever shown. Get yours FREE and see.

FREE! Golden Nest Egg Family Bank Set! Charming nested gift set of 4 jewel-tone banks. Attracts money, compliments and fast sales at $1. Yours FREE for being prompt!

Extra Bonuses Worth $10 to $100

Besides your big cash profits, we give you BONUSES of appliances and gifts worth up to $100. Choose from hundreds of name-brand items for the whole family. Organizations use them as prizes for best workers.

Just Send Your Name for Samples

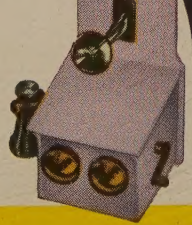
Simply mail the coupon. You risk nothing. You'll get our complete outfit that starts you earning at once. It contains big FREE Album of Personal Samples and popular Assortments *on approval*. Extra! We'll include the Golden Nest Egg Bank Set FREE—your gift for being prompt. Send the coupon or postcard NOW!

THEY SAY IT'S EASY!

"Creative Cards sell very easily. Most people buy $10 worth at a time. In only 4 months my sales totalled $700—and this was just in spare time!" *Mrs. O. B., North Dakota*

"Creative Cards give me an 'out' from family routines. Folks visit me, see my cards and buy. My first sale was for $50." *Mrs. A. R., Iowa*

Our Big Gift line is full of brand new fast-sellers. "Party Line" Salt & Pepper Set shown below



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CLIP and MAIL for SAMPLES and FREE GIFT!

CREATIVE CARD COMPANY
4401 W. Cermak Road, Dept. 157-G, Chicago 23, Ill.

Please send money-making sample outfit on approval. Include FREE Personal Christmas Album and Golden Nest Egg Banks as my FREE Gift for being prompt.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*Zone*....*State*.....

Creative CARD COMPANY
4401 West Cermak Road, Dept. 157-G, Chicago 23, Illinois

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BERKELEY 9 CALIF

ALREADY — TOGETHER churches and families are saying . . .

how much they enjoy and need TOGETHER. Although six months or even a year is too short a time to begin to judge its cumulative benefits, TOGETHER is already being lauded for significant contributions to the Christian home.

"I would like to tell you how enthusiastic I am about the new magazine TOGETHER. It's so beautifully bound—such fine material inside and it reaches every age group of Methodists."
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Glendale, California

"The new magazine TOGETHER has received a tremendous response in our church. We are on the ALL FAMILY PLAN and the rewards already received are worth the money for the whole year."
Robert S. White
East Lynn, Illinois

"TOGETHER magazine has been very popular with the people who have received it. The churches that have adopted the ALL FAMILY PLAN are loud in their praise. My own people are certainly quite prodigal in their use of superlatives when they talk about it."
Harold A. McCurdy
Jamestown, New York

"I was profoundly moved with the realization that all Methodist friends whose lives have touched mine through the years, and perhaps those whom I have touched are united across the miles as we read TOGETHER. Thank you for a wonderful magazine."
Dorothy McDonald Copeland
Independence, Missouri

"The long-run effect of placing TOGETHER in every home on our mailing list will be impossible to measure. It cannot help but strengthen personal religious life, and hence the spiritual life of our church."
Hartwell Daley
Waterville, Maine

"I have been in the ministry of the Church for eleven years, and know all too little about life and magazines. But I do know this: true Christian fellowship is based, for one thing, on mutuality. This mutuality comes from a variety of sources. TOGETHER, in my opinion, has tapped many of these sources. Some of us enjoy theological articles, some of us enjoy Carl Sandburg, almost all of us enjoy Spring scenes. To me, a together feeling, even among "just plain folks," is an elusive quality, even in the Church. But TOGETHER has attained it in a fine measure."
Murray Hyde
Waitsburg, Washington

As TOGETHER grows in its service to your family, the mounting benefits of regular TOGETHER readership will be yours for a more joyous Christian life. Continue to share with others in the ALL FAMILY benefits. And if yours is not yet an ALL FAMILY PLAN church, consult with your pastor today!

Together

THE MIDMONTH MAGAZINE FOR METHODIST FAMILIES